

HOUSEHOLD

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 10.]

MAY.

[1847.

“Tancred;”

OR,

The High-Nosed Jews and the Flat-Nosed Franks.*

Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, the rabbi of Shrewsbury, has again written a book, and the public, which loves to be hoaxed, is reading it. But what is this book? Is it a novel, or a treatise upon Mr. Rothschild's banking operations, or an inquiry into the first principles of philosophy, or a satire on all systems of religion? We are about to discuss some or all of these points, and the reader who accompanies us to the end will then perhaps be in a position to decide for himself.

The narrative, properly so called, of “Tancred,” begins in the second half of the third volume; so that we have upwards of eight hundred pages of introduction to one hundred and fifty of story. But this, it may be said, is of little consequence. The real novel is yet to be written, and the present three volumes are only meant to pave the way to it. There is consolation in this announcement, because it tends strongly to show that the Hebrew member for Shrewsbury is not quite correct in his philosophy, and that all virtue is not extinct among the flat-nosed races of the North, seeing they exhibit so wonderful an example of patience as is unquestionably required to wade through the wearisome speculations, and, if possible, still more wearisome satire, of “Tancred.”

It cannot of course be said that Mr. Disraeli enjoys a monopoly of the superlative style, though he wields it with a fa-

cility peculiar to himself. The force of exaggeration can no further go. Other men may be occasionally betrayed into extremes, when their fancy, heated by a congenial subject, becomes an overmatch for their reason, and riots altogether unfettered. Mr. Disraeli's muse walks always on the tiptoe of superlatives. It always deals in the most graceful and the most beautiful, in the richest, the wisest, the bravest, or occasionally, by way of variety, in the meanest, the falsest, and the most cowardly. Still, as in the case of Tancred and Fakrideen, the most virtuous and the most villainous walk hand in hand, and fraternise, like two offshoots of Israel, in the purlieu of Houndsditch. Let not the reader imagine it is our flat-nosed prejudices that induce us to locate the only true-born gentlemen in the world in that unsavoury locality. We should never, of our own accord, have been so uncomplimentary to the Abrahamites. It is Mr. Disraeli himself who has disclosed to us the mysteries of Houndsditch, and represented to us his magnificent countrymen celebrating the Feast of Tabernacles in its transparent and spicy atmosphere.

But Mr. Disraeli is a man of fashion, and a member of Parliament; and consequently can disclose to the uninitiated innumerable facts respecting that proud aristocracy which admits him among them, but evidently makes him feel that he is not of them; whence, it may not unfairly be suspected, his inveterate propensity to ridicule their foibles, their virtues, and

* “Tancred; or, The New Crusade.” By B. Disraeli, Esq. M.P., author of “Coningsby,” “Sybil,” &c. 3 vols. London, Colburn.
NO. 1369.

even their religion. At any rate, they who look for fashionable revelations in "Tancred" will be woefully disappointed. It does not lay bare one single point in our social system, which has not been exposed to the public eye a thousand times before. The subjects of his satire are as hackneyed as the form of it. We have been treated to all his characters *usque ad nauseam*, both by himself and, long before him, by other writers. The idolatry of the kitchen, the fanaticism of lordlings for soups and ragouts, the apish and fantastic foppery of cooks, the sensuality of those children of Belial who quench all consciousness of the spirituality of their nature in wines and sauces—all these things have been held up to public contempt, until we are weary of despising them; besides, if an author really desire to rouse public indignation against such follies, he must himself be sincere in the condemnation of them, which Mr. Disraeli obviously is not; for while he rails at the unhal- lowed influence of wealth, he is earnestly sacrificing every day on the shrine of mammon; and while affecting to condemn the power which rank and other social prejudices bestow, truckles perseveringly, like his own Fakrideen, to all those who can forward his views in life, and desires nothing so much as to make a figure among those flat-nosed Franks against whom he directs his venomous but innocuous declamation.

No doubt the credulous innocence of the reading public is easily deluded by the employment of a little vapoury language, which holds poison in suspension, and suffers it not to become visible to the common eye. Nevertheless, there is scarcely a single principle that binds society together, the influence of which would not be weakened by the effects of such works as "Tancred," if they could really produce any that should be permanent. The institution of marriage, the sacredness of justice, the holy influences of faith, the claims of truth, nay, the recommendations of common honesty, are all in their turn assiduously assailed by this Modern Crusader. Well, therefore, may the rabbi of Shrewsbury entitle his undertaking a Crusade. It is so. Throughout every page of his book, the proofs are visible to those who will be at the pains to search for them, that his only purpose, besides that

of producing a saleable article, is to cover with ridicule whatever the flat-nosed inhabitants of these morasses and forests of ours regard as venerable.

Mr. Disraeli, however, understands his own mission, and seizes dexterously on the opportunity which offers itself. He is not, we suppose, at all serious, in his attempt to eradicate Christianity and Judaism, and to substitute an amalgam of both, with a large infusion of Paganism, in their stead. It is a joke in three volumes. He knows that idle people, such as constitute the chief support of circulating libraries, delight in being startled and excited; and, conscious perhaps of being wanting in the power to produce this effect by an animated narrative and natural and vivid delineations of character and situations, he brings into play his talent for mock speculation, and seeks to afford amusement by an exaggerated description of the process by which men deliver themselves from all faith in anything whatsoever. The appearance of such works is among the least satisfactory signs of the times. Young people chiefly read them; and if the opinions and principles they have inherited from their forefathers be not entirely overthrown, they are at least undermined and slightly shaken. The writer has a lavish command of language, clothes sophisms and fallacies in an exceedingly agreeable manner, invests error with the appearance of truth, puts forward some of the most monstrous and dangerous principles with an air of ingenuous *nonchalance* which seems to be indicative of sincerity, and therefore the simple reader too often accepts what he utters for gospel.

The only remaining line, however, of Homer's "Mergites," will strictly apply to the author of "Tancred"—"He knows a little of every thing, but has investigated nothing as he ought." His speculation sails about like a cloud, resting now on sea, now on land, now over mountain, and now over valley, but remains nowhere for any length of time, so that the spirit which sails upon it can never obtain an accurate view of anything beneath it. Hurried forward, as it were, by some infernal breeze, it sucks up and is inflated by the poisonous exhalations emitted from fens and marshes, and sends down occasionally in withering dews the venom which it has collected. But there is no beneficial intercourse be-

tween it and the earth. They bandy between each other what is evil in each, and the result is only a fresh accumulation of mischief. This will be mistaken by many for an eulogium, perhaps even by Mr. Disraeli himself, who is no doubt proud of his talent to do something which may force the world to talk of him.

Nevertheless, had he not been a member of Parliament, and introduced by accidental circumstances into fashionable society, his so-called novels would have been much less read, and we might properly enough have dismissed them with a contemptuous paragraph. But as the public reads them, it seems to be our duty to invite it to consider what it reads; for if wholesome knowledge be the medicine of the soul, what must its unwholesome counterfeit be but the poison? But is there any action in "Tancred?" Have we a story related to us? Does the author introduce to our fancies any original representation of human character with which we desire to become familiar, and to register for future gratification in our memories? There are three cardinal incidents in the work: in the first volume, the carriage of Lady Bertie and Belair is crushed in the Poultry; in the second, Tancred shoots a Bedouin Arab in the eye; and in the third, the same distinguished personage receives the head of a Jewess on his shoulder in a cool kiosk in Bethany. To this brilliant catalogue we may perhaps add the repulse of a Turkish pasha, accomplished heaven knows how, from certain mountains in northern Syria, after which the achiever of this wonderful feat rides off at full gallop into the desert, where for three whole days and nights he subsists in a way which reminds us of the feats of those remarkable gentlemen, the knights-errant, from whom he claims to be descended:

"When through deserts vast
And regions desolate they passed,
Where belly timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there's not one word
Of their provisions on record,
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomachs but to fight."

Mr. Disraeli's heroes are organised in an equally exquisite manner. Stomachs they have none, and passions they have none, at least none which they cannot manage

as easily as they do their appetites. The reason is, they are generally of Jewish race; and the Jews, as all the world knows, are not addicted to eating or drinking, and from Moses downwards have never felt the least hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt.

But the reader, we fear, imagines we are all this while in jest, and that there is, nevertheless, some story in "Tancred." We would not undertake to affirm positively that there is not. There may be some isoteric story—that is to say, a story concealed from the profane vulgar, and related mystically for the benefit of the initiated. But into secrets such as these, it is not our duty to pry. We look upon the surface, and, standing out of the enchanter's circle, are unable, we fear, to comprehend all those wonderful hieroglyphics the significance of which may all the while be perfectly clear to the wise. It is a great and enviable privilege to comprehend the sapience of the Cabala, and to be able to travel in thought along with those who have been admitted to the orgies of the ancient Aphrodite. Still, we should astonish, and might perhaps a little shock our fair readers, were we to unveil in plain English to them the mysteries of that delicate sect the Ansarey, whom Tancred and his friend Fakrideen endeavoured to interest in the regeneration of Europe. They who have visited India, who have looked down on the secluded temple of Tripetti, who have studied the symbols on the car of Jagannath, or considered those startling emblems now half buried in the avenging waves on the Coromandel coast, will be able to form some dim conception of the abominations, by familiarising the mind with which the new Crusader hopes to renovate our Christianity and our civilisation.

If this was the chief object of his pilgrimage, we very much pity Tancred. He might have found legions of Ansarey in Europe, where there is not a single great capital which does not contain many thousands of them. The extraordinary thing is, that we should have hitherto remained blind to the mighty effects which may be produced by uniting these worshippers of Astarte with the Jews and Ishmaelites in working out a reformation among the flat-nosed races of Frankistan. With Portia, in the "Merchant of Venice," we may exclaim, "We thank thee, Jew, for teaching

us that word." The destiny of our civilisation needs now be no longer doubtful. We possess two great palladiums in our cities, in our Jews and in our Ansarians. There is not the slightest necessity to travel into the Syrian mountains north of Antioch, to meet with either of these Arabian regenerators of the human race. All our great capitals abound with them. They divide between them the night and the day, the one inviting us even before breakfast to dispose of our antiquated and superfluous garments, and the others strolling leisurely beneath the moon to recreate our ears with their sweet voices. Clearly, therefore, "the New Crusade" is a work of supererogation. All that is excellent in Arabia has already been imported—its dogmas and its damsels, its Fakrideens and its old clothesmen. Nay, to complete the magic circle, we have now at length got an Arabian novelist, who feels and expresses all the genuine contempt which a man of the true Caucasian race ought to experience for our flat-nosed selves. In pure humility we accept his contempt and his novel—digest the one, and read the other, and try, as becomes us, to understand it. Owing, however, to the flatness of our noses, we succeed but very imperfectly. Indeed, while writing the present article, we have longed ardently for a slice of Adam Besso's fundamental feature, to revive the picturesque phrase of Lord Castlereagh, being oppressed by the consciousness that our relationship to Tristram Shandy, the bridge of whose intellectual promontory was demolished by an accident purely European, wholly shuts us out from the higher mysteries of the Arabians.

Lord Bacon is of opinion that there is much wisdom in the fables of the ancients, and we dare say his lordship is quite right, though it would appear to require no small degree of genius to lift the legendary veil which conceals it, and thus make ourselves master of the treasure. The mythological student will remember, however, that there existed a mighty personage—possibly a Jew or an Arab—in the most flourishing period of the heroic ages, whose spear wounded you with one end and healed you with the other. Mr. Disraeli seems desirous of making this same use of romantic literature, which that fabulous hero did of his spear. It has enervated and corrupted

the public mind, induced listless habits of thought, a dreamy craving after excitement, a reckless dependence upon fortune, the belief, in fact, that Fortunatus's wishing-cap is a thing of possible acquisition, not by the exertion of energy in action, but by a mere effort of wilfulness; and he now designs to employ the same instrument in restoring to us our manly habits, our appetite for labour, our unsophisticated faith, patience, and contemptuous disregard of danger. The design is laudable, but has he made any progress towards its fulfilment? Let the honest readers of "Tancred" speak out. We think he has been fighting windmills, and failed to destroy even these. Our opinion may be erroneous; let those who can penetrate the mystic sense of the work, prove that it is so, by explaining the author's intentions, and distinctly pointing out his aim. To us, as we have already more than once remarked, it appears to be simply a hoax. The writer affects a philosophical air, and seeks to have it thought that he has something to disclose, that he may keep alive the jaded appetite of novel readers, and carry them with him to the end of the third volume, when they must confess to themselves, whether they will do so to others or not, that they have been in chase of a Will-o'-the-wisp, who, having led them all the way to Jerusalem, vanishes there, leaving nothing else but a sense of weariness behind.

Nothing, did we say? We were wrong. Much, very much is left behind, which no virtuous or considerate parent would like to discover in his child's mind. An impaired belief in every incentive to goodness—secret admiration, perhaps, for rogues like Fakrideen—and if nothing else, some modicum at least of fondness for masquerading and insincere vagabonds, such as is every one of Mr. Disraeli's heroes, from Tancred down to Baroni. What then is it that reconciles the reading public to such productions as this, that gives them currency, that makes them even the vogue, and raises their author to notoriety? The rage is somewhat abating for the excitement administered by works of fiction. This mental hunger is not nice, but like physical hunger devours indiscriminately what falls in its way, preferring of course that which is most highly seasoned and stimulating. Now Mr. Disraeli, to give

him his due, infuses into his fictions many of those qualities which adapt them to the taste of the habitual novel-reader. If he cannot construct a narrative, or paint a natural character, he can wield the weapons of satire and sarcasm with considerable skill, can speak bitterly of his contemporaries, mercilessly ridicule those with whom he mingles in society, and sketch off caricatures of his acquaintances, which, like the figures in "Punch," are sufficiently like the originals to be recognised.

Nor is this all. Mr. Disraeli is a man of some reading, has skimmed over the surface of several literatures, and picked up by the way many notions which, when deftly tricked out, appear to the unpractised eye so many indications of philosophy. To the thinking part of the community, such delusions are merely so many subjects of laughter. But what then? It is not to thinking men and women that such works are addressed, but to their opposites, to dreamers and visionaries, to idlers and castle-builders, who, with their feet buried in the hearth-rug, or resting on the polished fender, perform daily a voyage to somebody or another's Utopia. Still, to examine his facts or expose his errors would probably be considered altogether superfluous. He himself might take shelter behind the license supposed to be afforded by the particular form of composition he cultivates; with some show of reason he might contend that the fault is not his, if people will persist in looking for history or philosophy in fiction, where they ought to esteem themselves happy if they find agreeable nonsense and stirring improbabilities. This apology would be disingenuous, but would nevertheless exactly suit Mr. Disraeli's purpose; and it can scarcely be doubted that, if pushed, he would have recourse to it. However, it may be worth while to point out one or two of the ridiculous errors into which he falls, even on questions with which, as a Jew, he ought to be most familiar—we mean the history of Palestine.

Affecting the desire to invest with sanctity the terrestrial scene of what he denominates the Asian mysteries, and recollecting that the Crusaders, though they conquered Palestine, were unable to keep it, and having some dim knowledge besides

of sundry events which have since taken place in that part of the world, he hopes that history will bear him out in asserting that none but the Jewish or Ishmaelite races can hold supremacy over the Holy Land. It may be consistent with his innocence to think so. But history is a merciless antagonist to fiction, and tears and scatters away its flimsy cobwebs, as the hurricane lifted the tents of his forefathers from the plains of the Decapolis. None but the Jewish and Ishmaelite races hold supremacy over Palestine! Why they have never been supreme there, save during a few obscure ages, when the great empires of the world had no leisure to think of them. The Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Medes, Persians, Macedonians, and Romans, the Crusaders, and the Turks, have in succession been sovereign masters of Syria, and kept the effeminate and servile races of Israel and Ishmael, when they had ceased to be dwellers in tents, in oppressive and contemptuous bondage. Let Mr. Disraeli look at Jerusalem now—are the Osmanlis of the race of Ishmael? They have carried their victorious standards over the whole land of the Ishmaelites, down to the very straits of Babelmandeb, and eastward to the pearl-banks of Oman, and made even the boasted chivalry of the desert yield to their impetuous though irregular valour. This we say, not in disparagement of the Arabs, whose gallantry we have often seen and admired, but to show the futility of a wimpering sophist of May-Fair attempting to foreshadow the process by which the ignorant horsemen of the Asiatic wilderness are, according to his bewildered imagination, to regenerate the civilised and refined populations of the North.

We are aware that we treat these rhapsodies too seriously, and that the Shrewsbury rabbi may have originally put them forward as mere *jeux d'esprits*; but, on the other hand, he may be in earnest, and at any rate the majority among the organs of the press so interpret him. No great harm, therefore, can result from our investing for a moment a mere trifle with importance, and reasoning on a fantastical vision as though it were a work of grave meaning. On some points, no doubt, Mr. Disraeli is altogether in earnest, as when he talks of the "grotesque drollery of Parliament," and "the grovelling tyranny of

self-government." These certainly are not oriental inventions, though the Bedouins of the Nedjed would probably treat the man to a taste of their spears who should attempt to interfere with their immemorial privilege of governing themselves.

Mr. Disraeli understands little of the institutions of those people upon whose characters and manners he dissertates so glibly. The Arabs of the desert abhor tyranny as much as we do, which is the single feeling that has ennobled their race; while the contemptible populations of Syria, whether sweltering in the valleys or shivering on the mountains, have been beaten into servitude like dogs, by a hundred successive conquerors.

But the new Crusader discovers, forsooth, tokens of universal decay in the north, and, like a Gheber, turns his face towards the rising sun, in search of illumination, and a fresh source of vitality. If he have eyes to see, the sight which presents itself in that direction must be very far from consoling. For what at this moment is Asia—what is it but a mere Golgotha, a charnel-house, a huge battle-field, on which the energetic and indomitable races of the west are hunting down, and giving the *coup de grâce* to the descendants of those imperial robbers, who, at the head of their barbarous chivalry, some ages ago, terrified the world? Never was there an unhappier or more preposterous idea, than that of looking at this time of day for a new revelation from the east. Their candle is burnt out, and it is we who are commissioned from on high to carry back the knowledge of revelation to them. We are trampling, at God's command evidently, on their superstitions and their vices, on their crumbling despotisms and their pride, and rearing the altars of Christianity, and charity, and brotherly love on the ashes and ruins of the base and sanguinary creeds with which the east has always teemed from the earliest dawn of history. A mere handful of Englishmen have seated themselves in the heart of Asia, where they bid defiance to the whole of its native forces, and, like so many lions among sheep, have only to show themselves to scare away the effeminate rabble. Nay, on the very shores of Syria, only six years ago, we gave the Asiatic populations a lesson, which they themselves will not soon forget, though Mr. Disraeli may be un-

able to draw the proper moral from it. We arrested a victorious adventurer in the midst of his conquests, and after two or three significant acts of civilisation, at Beyrout, Acre, and elsewhere, drove the terrified Ishmaelites back, pell-mell, across their deserts, where the mere fear of giving us offence has kept them quiet ever since. And in a philosophical point of view, can any thinking man compare for a moment the east and the west—the latter with its towering genius, penetrating to the remotest borders of the visible universe, investigating and comprehending the laws by which its Creator regulates it, and deigns to suffer his creatures to understand; lifting up the veil from the thinking principle, and disclosing the subtle mechanism of the soul; wandering backward and forward in time, contemplating the cradle of our species, and looking with pious confidence on its grave—the latter, immersed in squalid superstition, taking omens from the crawling of serpents, from the neighing of horses, from the flight of crows, from the gibbering of monkeys and baboons, and attributing its humiliation and defeats, by the intrepid and irresistible Franks, to the capricious freaks of sorcerers, or the agency of invisible genii?

Not that we would be understood to despise so much as we pity the east. It has performed its spontaneous mission, and by one of those laws of reaction, which Providence has enacted, and against which no human force can rebel, must now consent to receive enlightenment and civilisation from those whom it formerly assisted to refine. Mr. Disraeli entertains a most erroneous opinion if he seriously supposes that God never spoke to a European. He speaks to our great and glorious race daily, in the only manner in which he ever spoke to man, that is, in a spiritual and ineffable manner, which, by whatever language expressed, whether direct or symbolical, can never be rendered thoroughly intelligible. We cannot and dare not enter here into an inquiry into the mysterious dispensations of our Creator, whose hand is for ever over us, by whose goodness we exist, and who, at various periods of the world's history, has revealed his will in sundry ways to us. But they entertain most inadequate notions of the Deity, who fail in all circumstances to perceive, that in communicating with his creatures, he has employed an in-

intermediate agency, the nature of which the utmost reach of our faculties is inadequate to comprehend. We think it, therefore, inconsistent with true piety, inconsistent with the profound and affectionate reverence with which we, the humblest of his intelligent creatures, ought to look up to the maker and father of us all, peremptorily to determine on what minds he has sent illumination. He is the author of every good and perfect gift, and there is not a single great impulse of love by which we are invited to benefit our fellow-creatures, or warmed into rapturous adoration of himself, which does not trace its origin directly to the fountain of all good.

From this ground, however, we retreat with awe, and return to make some few less serious observations on the New Crusader. On one point we strongly sympathise with the writer; we allude to the earnest solicitude he feels for the emancipation of the Jews throughout the world. This is a feeling which does him honour. From the respectable position he occupies, it is gratifying to behold him descend, even in the pages of fiction, to hold communion with the humble Israelite in Houndsditch who, surrounded with the noise and turmoil of this world's business, celebrates there the traditional Feast of Tabernacles. No passage in the whole work has touched us like that. With your Tancred and Fakrideens, with your Dukes of Bellamont, your Sidonias, and Lords Eskdale, we feel no sympathy whatever; but with the humble Jew, who, in conformity with the practice of his forefathers, and in obedience to laws which he still believes to be divine, purchases his willow boughs, and builds his simple bower, in the court of his dingy and dusky house, our heart most pleasurably and strongly yearns. We respect him for his obedient piety, however mistaken, and are persuaded that with so much firmness and fortitude, so much love of immemorial traditions, so much veneration for rites, handed down from father to son through a period of four thousand years, this obscure and isolated man must possess much goodness of heart, and great capabilities of civilisation. Why will not Mr. Disraeli cut his lords and his visionaries, and give us a novel of humble and simple Jewish life, no matter though the hero were an old-clothesman? We should readily accompany him in his adventures,

and sit down by his poor quiet fireside, provided the mist of rhetoric did not hide it entirely from our eyes, with as much pleasure as we now feel fatigue in watching the evolutions of a dreary and fashionable aristocrat like Tancred. We are weary of jewels, weary of dukes and lords, weary of all manner of finery, of malachite tables, and worlds of gilding, and drapery, and stuff. Give us the plain thing, homely humanity, just as God has made it, whether it be in the shape of a Jew or a flat-nosed Frank. We love it everywhere, and under all disguises. That Mr. Disraeli loves it too we believe, from the good, hearty, honest way in which he relates the story of the Baroni family, whose adventures we read with particular pleasure, till we came to the conclusion, where we were ridiculously told, they comprised nearly all the existing celebrities of Europe. It is this very peculiarity we complain of throughout Mr. Disraeli's work, the fierce hankering after monopoly, the desire to heap all great and good qualities on the Jews, and churlishly to deny them to the rest of the world. We shall set Mr. Disraeli a better example, by admitting all he claims for his countrymen, except the monopoly. We think it full time that all distinctions should cease between them and the rest of our fellow-citizens, that they should be admitted everywhere and to everything, and that people should learn to look on them altogether as brethren differing from us in certain points of faith, but still children of Adam, and therefore entitled to our respect and affection, and this may at length be said to be the prevalent feeling. No one now feels disposed to persecute a Jew. And *à-propos* of the name, let Mr. Disraeli stick to it, and not seek to substitute in its place, the more sonorous appellation of Hebrew. Jew was once a term of reproach—and is so still in some quarters—but let those who own it live out the prejudice. Time reconciles us to everything; has reconciled political parties to the names of Radicals, Whigs, and Tories, and will gradually strip everything offensive from the name of Jew. But such novels as "Tancred" are by no means calculated to facilitate this process, their effect, so far as they have any, being to irritate, and give force to prejudice, by making extravagant demands on our credulity and simplicity, which it is not likely

that we shall ever be in the humour to grant. It is, in fact, surprising that a person of Mr. Disraeli's shrewdness should not be aware of this. His exaltation, for example, of Sidonia, is a mere solecism, as people know who is meant, and laugh at the *fanfaronade*. Truth, he may rely upon it, is better than exaggeration, and we trust therefore that these observations, should he ever see them, will be taken in good part, and induce him, in his continuation of "Tancred," to throw away his tottering stilts, and walk on the common vulgar earth, like a man of this world. No permanent existence can be accorded to such phantasmagoric personages as the Evas, Astartes, Amaleks, Fakrideens, and Bessos of the present performance. They are the mere ghosts of Arabian tales, and merely float for a moment through a misty atmosphere of extravagance.

"To amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile."

That he can do better we fully believe, but it must be by reducing his dimensions to the natural, by putting Mr. Sidonia to the rightabout, by escaping from the apish and gauzy inhabitants of Mayfair, by forswearing Dukes of Bellamont and Princes of the Lebanon, and Shiaks of the Rechabites, and Queens of the Ansarey, and presenting us instead with good flesh and blood Jews, and pretty Jewesses, whether high-nosed or low-nosed will matter not a jot. We like these dark eyed women, who resemble a fragment of the eastern world, lying in startling contrast with our northern fabric of society. Our faith sheds a lustre round those daughters of Zion, and our chivalry inspires us with kindly feeling for them as wanderers in a strange land. Nothing could be easier than for one who understands their inner life, who is familiar with their fashions and habits, and who can describe their peculiarities as Mr. Disraeli undoubtedly can, to fling an air of fascinating romance over the loves and fortunes of the daughters of Israel. We invite him to leave the regeneration of the world to Providence, and turn his attention to this particular achievement. We assure him we are not at all weary of Christianity, and that it is by no means a worn-out creed, but that, on the contrary, it will grow with the growth of civilisation, will strike deeper and deeper root into humanity, and will at

length so completely monopolise all that is noble and beautiful in the human heart, that wherever human hands are lifted up in reverence to heaven, it will be to repeat that prayer which our earliest childhood lisps, and which dies on our faltering tongues as we retire from this perishable world through the portals of death. We need, we repeat, no new revelation. There is nothing further to be revealed to us. We have been taught the knowledge of the true God, and if that will not ennoble and purify our race, nothing can. It is not the province of the novelist to invade regions such as these. His business is, to portray our perishable passions and interests, our loves and enmities, our aspirations and our defects. With such materials the most absorbing narratives may be constructed; narratives which will take their place in our permanent literature, and for ever continue to afford pleasure and instruction to those who are in search of them.

Specimens of Petrarca ;

SELECTED FROM HIS POEMS ON THE
DEATH OF LAURA.

TRANSLATED BY T. H. SEALY.

(Author of "The Porcelain Tower," "The Little Old Man of the Wood," &c. &c.)

THE SIXTH CANZONE.

[A dialogue between the poet and Laura, when she appears to him in sleep. She dissuades him from tears, and counsels him to follow in the path by which she has attained to eternal happiness.]

I.

When my sweet comforter and most faithful friend,

To afford me some repose and stay my tears,
Upon the left verge* of my couch appears,
With sweet discourse, to salutary end;

To make me pale whilst fear and reverence
blend,

* "Why," asks Tassoni, "upon the left side?" And he adds, "Perhaps because the left side of the poet's bed was turned towards the door of the chamber;" (it would hardly be necessary for a spirit to come in at the door) "or perhaps because he was in the habit of sleeping on his left side, and she placed herself there that she might look him in the face." Other commentators have suggested that it might be because the heart is on the left side; or because things of good omen, according to the ancients, appeared upon that side. The last interpretation may receive some confirmation from a passage in the third canzone of the same series, where, in a vision, Laura is represented under the form of a wild creature with a human face, appearing from the right; and in this instance the augury is evil, for she is chased by hounds, which presently destroy her.

I cry, "Whence com'st thou, kindest spirit, now?"

She draws a little bough
Of palm, and one of laurel, from her breast,
And says, "From calmly blest
Abodes of the Empyrean, and from those
Who there have bliss, I come to heal thy woes."

II.

By gesture and by words I thank her care,
In humble guise, and then demand: "But whence
Knowest thou my misery?" She responds,
"From hence
That wave of weeping which thou wilt not spare—
That atmosphere of sorrow—through the air
Pass up to heaven, and there disturb my peace.
So much, that I should cease
From misery, grieves thee; from a world
of strife;
And reach a happier life:
Due cause for joy, didst thou but love
so well
As once thy wont, by word, by act, to tell."

III.

I answer: "Only for myself I moan,
Who here in darkness and in woe remain;
Secure that *thou* the paths of heaven
would'st gain,
As of a thing to sense the clearliest known.
For God and Nature, how would they have
sown
So much of virtue in one youthful heart,
But that the holy part
It bore on earth should find its guardon
there?
Oh, thou, 'mongst spirits, fair!*
Whose lofty worth to us awhile was given,
And, all too suddenly, then, recalled to
heaven!

IV.

"But else than weep what here have I to do,
Alone, and sad, who, without *thee*, am
nought?
Oh, that the cradle and the breast had
brought
My term of life, ere woes of love I knew!"
And she: "Why weep, why waste thyself
in dew?
How better far to lift thy wings from earth,
And things of mortal worth:

And these sweet fallacies, ever thy fond theme,

To balance with just beam:
And follow me, if truth be in thy vows;
Gathering, thereby, high prize of similar boughs."

V.

"I wished to ask, what mean those two green sprays?"

I then resumed: and, gently, in return,
She thus: "Solve thou, thyself, what thou
would'st learn,
Who with thy pen hast given the one such
praise.

VICTORY the *palm*: and I, even in young
days,

O'ercame the world, myself: the *laurel*, sign
Of TRIUMPH, is also mine,

By grace of that GREAT LORD who gave
me force.

Then thou from error's course

Turn, turn to HIM—His saving health
implore,

That we may yet meet, when thy race is
o'er."

VI.

"Are those the fair, fair locks, the entangling
gold,

That yet," I cry, "enchains my heart?
Are those

The eyes that were my day?" "Oh, why
suppose

Such things," she cries, "as idiot world-
lings hold!

A naked soul am I, of heaven's blest fold.

That which thou seekest, long years since,
is clay.

But, thy lone griefs to allay,

Is given to me this semblance; and *that*, too,
Its beauty shall renew

In greater beauty; and more dear be she
Whose piteous sternness saved her soul

and thee."

I weep; and her sweet hand
Wipes off my tears; and, this soft balm
applying,

She blames herself for sighing,

With accents that might make even hard
rocks weep;

And, after these, *she* fades away, and *sleep*.†

* Distinguished for thy beauty, even amongst the beautiful spirits of heaven.

† "Postea discedunt pariter somnusque, Deusque." So Ovid says, in his *Metamorphoses*; and Dante: "Poi ella e' somno ad una se n'andaro."—*Tassoni*.

The Miser's Will;

OR,

Lobe and Avarice.*

AN ENGLISH TALE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DISCOVERY.

The next morning Frederick Wilson having breakfasted, and arrayed himself in a costume which became his now elegant and gentlemanly mien, and without for a moment thinking of returning to his duties—for his money seemed to him an inexhaustible sum—started on his way to visit the Cartwrights, and thus obtain some explanation of Mary's sudden disappearance on the previous night. The house reached, he gave a modest and even hesitating knock, which however was rapidly answered by a neatly-costumed servant girl.

"Whom do you please to want, sir?" she inquired with a curtesy.

"Mrs. Cartwright, is she at home?"

"I will see, sir; what name shall I say?"

"Mr. Wilson," he replied, somewhat astonished.

The girl closed the door and hastened up stairs.

"A change has taken place," muttered our hero.

"Will you walk up, sir?" said the girl from the landing.

Wilson complied and was speedily introduced into the drawing room, where he found Mrs. Cartwright, who surrounded by handsome furniture, and neatly dressed, received him, as he thought, somewhat coldly.

"I am glad to see you looking better," said Wilson.

"Thank you, I am better."

"I hope no illness caused Miss Cartwright to leave last night so early," he inquired timidly.

"A slight indisposition. But I am sorry I can't detain you, Mr. Wilson—I have to go out—I will convey your kind inquiries to Miss Cartwright."

Wilson, too much astonished at this reception to say anything, stammered forth good morning, and retired in the utmost confusion. Passing the servant, he paused: "Is Miss Cartwright at home?" he said.

The girl hesitated.

"Here," and Wilson slipped half-a-crown into her hand.

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name, my pretty girl?"

"Emma, sir," replied the girl, with a laugh and a blush.

"Emma what?"

"Emma Walters."

"Very good; be my friend, and you shall not repent it."

Next minute Wilson was in the street. Without entering the shop, where he saw H. Smith, apparently unconscious of his presence, standing dispensing behind the counter, he hurried along and speedily reached Oxford-street. As he entered within it, a carriage turned the corner and drew up. Within it sat a woman of surprising beauty and richly clothed. She was apparently looking at the name of the street. Wilson looked at her, and their eyes met. There was something in this look which struck both, for the lady blushed and Wilson looked confused, and was apparently about to hurry away.

"Excuse me, sir," said the lady, leaning from her carriage, "but my coachman is very stupid, he is a Frenchman, and knows not London. Where is Berners-street?"

This was said in good English, but with a slight French accent.

Wilson, still his eyes fixed on her lovely countenance, pointed it out.

"You are very kind, sir, and from thence to Pall Mall."

"Really, madam, I fear you will scarcely recollect my directions."

"Ah! excuse my foreign frankness, but if Monsieur would show me."

"Oh! madame," replied our hero, quite confused.

"You are too kind," said the lady, with a bewitching smile; "but allow me to offer you a seat."

The young man half bewildered with what had passed at the Cartwrights, and still more at his strange and incomprehensible meeting with so lovely a personage, found himself seated beside the charming Frenchwoman, ere he could think twice. Thanking the fair occupant, and sinking back upon the soft cushions, Wilson was about endeavouring to rally his wandering thoughts, when he saw Mrs. Cartwright leaning on the arm of her pale and sad-faced daughter, coming up the street, their eyes fixed upon the carriage. Wilson, he knew not why, turned pale, and leaned his head upon his hand.

"Why, Monsieur," exclaimed his companion, gaily, "this is quite a romance of the olden time. One would say, Queen Margot carrying off a Bretagne knight."

"The comparison is well applicable to you," said Wilson, endeavouring to rally, but his face almost belying his words.

"You are gallant; I had not thought your nation guilty of such lightness."

* Continued from page 224.

"And yet you know us well; you speak our language like a native."

"You flatter, sir; but I have lived much with one English person, my mother."

"Ah! indeed; and do you reside now in England?"

"For the opera season?"

Wilson raised his eyes inquiringly to her face.

"You belong to the company?"

"Ah, sir, and do you ask me that; I thought you recognised me."

"No!" exclaimed Wilson, in unfeigned surprise; "I never was at the opera."

"What!" exclaimed the lady, with wide-opened eyes; "are you not Mr. Graham, brother of Captain Graham, introduced to me after the opera last evening?"

"No, my name is Wilson; pardon me if I have intruded."

The lady laughed heartily.

"This indeed is an adventure," she cried; "but as we have met, and you have been so polite, allow me the satisfaction of thanking you in my own house—besides," she added, gravely, "ask me no questions, but I would know you better."

"Mysterious this," laughed Wilson, "but I am too polite to ask a lady for reasons."

"You are sarcastic, Monsieur."

"Not at all, or if so, unintentionally."

Gradually the fair stranger, whose name she said was Eugenia, drew the young man into conversation about himself; and flattered by the interest apparently exhibited, he told her all, even the minutest details connected with the events of the last few days.

"You love this girl?" she said, with a stern smile.

"I do."

"Frederick Wilson," exclaimed Eugenia, "she shall be yours, put faith in me. But come, sir, you are very gallant to tell this to a Frenchwoman, who has violently laid hold of you, and is bearing you away into captivity in her carriage."

"Truly, madam, it seems strange; but not more strange than our meeting."

"Nothing more simple," replied Eugenia.

"How, madam? The days of romance are over."

"But I was waiting for you."

"For me, madam!" exclaimed Frederick, colouring violently; "really I—"

"Mr. Wilson," replied the young Frenchwoman, gravely, "put no false constructions on my words. But waiting for you I was, and with a purpose which one day you will know; you are a much more important personage than you think yourself. But mind one thing. Whatever I may have been, I am now your friend."

"Madam," again exclaimed Frederick,

still more astonished, "I cannot understand."

"Nor will you just now. Leave it to me, and be sure you have found a true friend."

"I believe you; but all this trouble about a poor orphan, who never knew his parents."

"Never knew your parents!" said Eugenia, fixing her eyes with curiosity upon him.

"I never did."

"How were you brought up?"

"At a village in Devonshire, where, until eighteen, I remained with a Dr. Granger. About this time he died, and with a few pounds in my pocket, I came to London to seek my fortune."

"And did the Doctor know your parents?"

"I believe he did, but died too suddenly to make me acquainted with the fact. Besides, I was away at the time, and he was attended by a stranger, who left ere I returned."

"Young man," said Eugenia, warmly, "you have enemies—enemies who fear you; now men are not feared unless in them is power to injure those who tremble at their name. Some wrong has been done you, we will find it out."

"We, madam!"

"Yes, Mr. Wilson," replied she, "we. I think I see it all; if so, I have a right to aid you."

"But can you give me no clue?"

"I would rather not. My head already whirls with the prospect that flashes before me. The awful career of crime and guilt seems to be now clear and undoubted; and you can upset it all, give happiness to hearts now sad, and defeat the machinations of villany."

"I!"

"Yes, you; whom I was to be made an instrument of ruining."

"You, madam! I cannot think it."

"You shall soon know all, but here we are at my house. Come in; it is necessary to my plans you should be often here."

Despite the young man's affection for Mary, he did not the less reply that the necessity was a very charming one indeed, and imposed no very rude duty upon him.

"We shall see, Mr. Wilson. But know that you will be always welcome."

The apartments into which Wilson was ushered were small, but furnished in the peculiar style of elegance which particularly appertains to those who fret their hour upon the stage. There was a charming piano, a harp, music in abundance, pictures of celebrated singers covered the walls, while everywhere were signs of the presiding spirit of the place—the taste of a woman.

"Where is Madame Berly?" inquired

Eugenia of the servant who preceded them.

"She is in her room, mademoiselle," replied the waiting-maid.

"Call her, then."

"I hope I do not intrude."

"Oh, no! you are expected."

Wilson looked surprised and bewildered.

"More mysteries. Miss Berly, I beseech you keep me no more in suspense. What plans are connected with me?"

"One of vast importance to the plotter, and still more to you."

"You are soon back," said a tall and commanding woman, of somewhat stern countenance, as she entered the room.

"Yes, and after meeting with success, as this gentleman's presence will testify."

"My daughter!" exclaimed the mother, with an air of surprise and terror.

"My mother, I see through all the objects of *our patron*. Unwittingly, indeed, did I set about the task assigned, but when this gentleman, with a frankness which is the first charm of his character—"

Frederick bowed and blushed simultaneously.

"Told me his history and hopes, I saw all. Excuse me one moment, sir," and the actress drew her mother aside. "Look in his face, and tell me, mother, if you see no likeness in him to one much loved by you; I even can trace it."

"Great God, child!—ah! yes. The very hair and eyes. Eugenia, I am sure—"

"But hush, mother, we have yet much to learn. I begin to know that our suspicions have been all along correct. He knows of the husband's place of concealment."

"Could it be he who has caused all this?" said the mother.

"I could lay my life on it. Mr. Wilson, my mother invites you to dine with us," continued Eugenia; "and while we wait, pray give us some account of your young days?"

"A stranger," continued Madame Berly, "you may think my questions impertinent, but, be assured, I ask them not idly."

"I am sure of it, madam; and will answer with pleasure."

"You remember your arrival at Dr. Granger's?"

"As if it were yesterday. I was nearly ten years old. My mother had just died."

"Do you remember her?"

"Oh, madam, her portrait is engraved upon my heart."

"It does you credit," exclaimed the lady, kindly. "But how about your journey to the Doctor's?"

"The evening after the funeral, which was attended only by strangers, a man

came and took me away. We travelled for several hours, and when it was quite dark, we arrived at a school; here I was put, and never quitted it for eight long years."

"Have you seen that man since?"

"I sometimes fancy that I have—lately."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; but it seem to be in my dreams."

"Frederick Wilson," exclaimed Madame Berly, "the hand of God is visible in this; to Him give thanks. A little caution, and the schemes of years will be overthrown."

With these words she rose, took from the mantelpiece a closed miniature, and suddenly opened it before the young man's eyes.

"My mother!" cried Wilson, turning pale.

"My sister's child, come to my heart," said the elder lady.

"Madam," exclaimed our hero, more and more bewildered every moment.

"Yes, my nephew," replied Madame Berly, with tears in her eyes, "and it is against you that he would have had us conspire—against you that he would have us be false."

"My dear cousin," said Eugenia, wiping her fine eyes.

"My dear cousin," replied Wilson, "but for Heaven's sake explain all this?"

"Maurice Herbert," said Madame Berly, "for that is your name; your mother married—against the wishes of her friends, and particularly against the wish of her brother, Henry Cartwright Hastings, my brother—Captain Herbert. He died soon after your birth, and your mother, deserted and denied by all her relations, died of grief and poverty. It is said, her brother made search for her, employing one who had his entire confidence; this man said that he failed to find her, and we all believed him. That man took you to Dr. Granger's, and yet to us reported you dead before your mother."

"But with what object?"

"Many; for oh, now do I see it all. But the name—quick, the name," continued she, suddenly, "of this girl whom you love."

"Mary Cartwright."

"Your uncle's wife and child, hid in *his* house. Oh, villany, villany. I see it all."

"Another cousin!"

"Yes. But now, dear Maurice," continued the lady, "let me recommend you caution. You know H. Smith?"

"I do," replied Maurice, blushing.

"Well, of this man beware—he is your enemy."

Our hero, with terror on his face, related his connections with the benevolent apothecary.

"And to this man I owe money," he cried.

"Never mind, it must be paid, but not just now—it would excite suspicion."

Madame Berly then explained to our hero, that, about two years before, Mr. Hastings, after many years of happiness, had suddenly disappeared, no one knew whither, leaving his wife and child utterly helpless. They, too proud under misfortune to seek the aid of friends, had retired into obscurity, living only on a small pension, which reached them from the absent husband through the medium of H. Smith.

The cause of the husband's flight was not known, though a hint had been given by the apothecary that it was caused by a belief in his wife's infidelity, originating he could not tell how.

"But now, dear nephew, I see it all; this man, this black and heartless villain, in the hope of gaining Hastings's wealth (for they have been sworn brothers from youth) has caused all this. It was he who poisoned the husband's ears; he who kept you out of the way, for fear you should inherit his wealth; he it was, who, thinking you unrecognisable, would have had Eugenia wed you to take you away from all chance of being discovered—who lent you money to have you in his power—"

"Yes, madam, I see all; clear as the noon-day sun," replied Maurice Herbert; "but thanks to you—thanks to you, my dear cousin, we will upset all these conspiracies."

"We will; but first to find Mr. Hastings."

"You are right, madam," said Maurice; "this is our first task."

"Then, dear Maurice," continued Eugenia, "the Cartwrights must be let into our secret."

"Thanks, dear cousin, but how is this to be done?"

"I know not why," said Madame Berly, "but Smith wishes us to spend an evening with the Cartwrights, bringing you as an intimate friend."

"I see, madam, I see; to make them believe me false in my professions to Mary."

"Ah! this accounts for his promised dowry of a thousand pounds upon our wedding-day," replied Eugenia, blushing at the part she had been tempted to play, even towards a supposed stranger.

"Rely upon it," said Madame Berly, "Mr. Hastings has hinted his wish to make his sister's son his heir."

"I his heir!" exclaimed Maurice.

"Yes, child, and heir to more than fifteen thousand a year."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISER'S WILL.

No. 7 was in the habit of receiving H. Smith only at the house, where we have before described them as having met, he remained in perfect ignorance of the other. No. 7, accordingly, every Saturday night, the night of Smith's visit, left his chosen residence, and returned to that which the apothecary believed to be always occupied by him. But the recluse put no faith in man, and though the chemist was the only one he had trusted for two years, it was but a doubtful confidence.

About midnight, the usual time selected for his visit, H. Smith was again at the door of the house, and in a few minutes within the room occupied by the recluse. It was empty, but a blazing fire, two candles, an open book, showed that he was close at hand, and Smith sat down to wait.

Before him lay a desk, and on it a large sheet of paper.

"What can this be?" muttered the apothecary.

He peered cautiously round. Not a soul was at hand.

"Let us see."

He moved towards the desk, and at once recognised the form of the document.

IT WAS THE MISER'S WILL.

The heart of H. Smith leaped to his mouth, and becoming paler than usual, he glanced round the room once more, and then down the open page.

"My God!" he half cried aloud, as he saw his own name sole legatee to all the vast property of the recluse. The will was properly signed and witnessed, but by whom the apothecary had not time to see, as footsteps sounded without, and the recluse entered.

"Good evening, Habakkuk."

"Good evening, Henry."

"Any news?" said No. 7, sinking into his chair, and methodically folding up and secreting the important document in a small ebony box.

"Put this on the shelf," he continued, ere the other could answer.

"Little news," said Smith, whose emotion was so great he could scarcely utter a syllable.

"There never is now," replied the other, testily, "I pay enough though. Do you know, Smith, I am sick of this life. I shall turn miser in earnest, and leave all I have to my heir."

"And who will he be?"

"One who deserves my love and affection," said the miser, with a faint smile.

"And pray who may that be, my friend?"

"If you cannot guess, Smith, it surely

will not be I that shall tell you," said the other, quietly.

"Well, well! I am not curious!" said Smith, with affected carelessness, "so that you enjoy it living, let who will have it when you die."

"And my wife, Habakkuk?" said the recluse sadly, even tenderly.

Smith started.

"I have had no news this week."

"And of my nephew, no trace yet? I would fain make him some small amends for what I made his mother suffer."

"None," replied the apothecary.

"Then good night, Habakkuk, I am tired, and shall to rest."

With these words the recluse rose, candle in hand, to show his companion out.

Smith would have demurred, intending to have asked for money, but dazzled by the brilliant fortune which awaited him, hurried away without another word.

The street gained he breathed more freely.

"Everything goes as I could wish. The will is made, and in my favour. *They* are safe enough; while *he*, thanks to Eugenia, who detests the stage, and will make any sacrifice to leave it, will soon be far away, feeding pigs on the banks of the Seine. Glorious future!"

And he hurried home to dream of fifteen thousand a year.

Meanwhile No. 7 had left the house after him, and was hurrying in the direction of his retreat in the Borough. Gaining the inside of the house in the usual manner, he found Count Marino and Jenkins keeping guard.

"Well, master," said the latter, "any work to night?"

"None; you can go to bed."

"Thanks."

The recluse hurried away, after informing his satellites that he should require their services early in the morning.

"Oh," said Jenkins, as soon as he was quite out of sight, "hand us the bottle?"

The room in which this strange couple were was the kitchen. An old, decrepit, and tumble-down place, like the rest of the house, but now rendered habitable by a large fire, and sundry other comforts, with which the men were supplied in abundance. On a table before them were cards, a bottle of brandy, pipes, and other luxuries appertaining to their class.

"Wheugh," said Jenkins, "I have hardly got my breath yet. I thought he would overtake me. His legs are like a horse's."

"And so he has another house?"

"A mansion, a first vater," replied the other.

"Well?"

"That's where he keeps the coal——"

"The what?"

"The mocasses."

"Oh, the rhino."

"You twig now?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't see myself why we shouldn't make our fortunes."

"He promises he will make them."

"With, I suppose, enough to spend in a week. I mean a real fortune, some thousands, my boy."

"How would you make this fortune?"

"Easy enough. Enter that house, as we did this, and next week we will be on the blue water; heigho for New York!"

"Jenkins," said Count Marino, "enough of this. Once you led me into such crime, and we failed. Enough; I go no more. Besides, this man has given me money—I that would have robbed him of all; and my home is once more bright, my child is well, and in hopes of an honourable alliance."

"With a penniless, runaway clerk."

"It may be, but who has good friends. Once settled, they will forgive him."

"Just as you please; your private affairs are no business of mine. Then you will none of this adventure?"

"I will none of it, Jenkins."

"Perhaps you are right, and we may make more by serving him."

"I care not, but enough of crime for me. A means of making an honest pound is before me, and I will not refuse it."

"Bravo, Rhino," said Jenkins, with an affected laugh; "but let us drop the subject."

"With pleasure. What about the Japanese Minstrels?"

"Oh, I had almost forgotten the poor devils. I must announce them for next week."

"Do you think they will do, Jenkins?"

"No, Jenkins would say, no; but Signor Paulo Laffochini will tell you, yes. Dress up the first street beggar you meet, call him a Persian, Armenian, Ethiopian, a Red-Indian, set him to do anything, and he will succeed. Foreign talent is appreciated in England."

"In England only, Jenkins?"

"Oh, no; everywhere. In England we are no worse than our neighbours. Every country loves that which is strange, novel, and hence exciting. Bah! give me a capital, and I would make a fortune with it. I would have an Anthropophagi, or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders; I would have giants from Tartary, pig-tailed Chinese, and dwarfs from Timbuctoo, and not one should have left the sound of Bow bells!"

"Are Cockneys the best hands to work with?"

"Aye, are they, worth fifty of any others."

"A Cockney sees with half an eye what another man takes a week to discover. Ah, ah! how long should I have been making a Japanese minstrel out of a Berkshire clod?"

"I wonder, with your talents you have not already made your fortune."

Jenkins sighed, and did not reply. He might have said, his talents once fearfully misapplied, had rendered after efforts hopeless, and that now his hopes were confined to the bye-ways and back alleys of the world. He could not come into the light.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.

On Monday morning H. Smith sat at his breakfast table. Before him lay the yet damp and unfolded newspaper. His mind was still revelling upon the delightful discovery which he had made, that he was to be the heir to all the fortunes of his wretched and unhappy victim. A smile of triumph wandered on his lip. All his plans, as yet, went well. Maurice Herbert was in his toils, while that Eugenia would, with her peculiar fascinations, succeed in ensnaring him, he doubted not.

At this moment Count Marino was announced.

"Ha, ha!" said Smith, with a peculiar smile, "you are come at last. I thought you lost."

"You have not wanted me, I hope."

"Not particularly," replied H. Smith.

"But this Frederick Wilson, have you won all his money yet?"

"Not a stiver."

"How is this?"

"He will not play."

"Ah, ah! does he grow prudent already. It is time he be sent away."

"And pray," asked Marino, curiously, "what is your peculiar interest in the lad—why take so much pains to ruin him?"

"Since when have you learned to ask questions," said H. Smith, almost fiercely.

"I ask none, if they be disagreeable," exclaimed the Count, with much humility.

"God of Heaven!" cried the apothecary, turning pale as ashes, and falling back almost speechless in his chair, "what is the meaning of this?"

At the top of the second column of the *Times* was the following advertisement:

"If Maurice Herbert, son of Captain Herbert, who died about the year 18—, will apply to Messrs. Paul and Oakam, he will hear of something to his advantage."

The very next was as follows:

"If Mrs. Cartwright Hastings will apply

to Messrs. Paul and Oakam, she will hear of something to her advantage."

Then again:

"If Mr. Henry Cartwright Hastings be still alive, his address will much oblige; if he himself should see this advertisement, he is earnestly requested to call on Mr. Richard Stuart, Gray's Inn Square."

"Count," said the apothecary, trembling violently in every limb, terror-stricken and pale as a ghost, "I am taken suddenly unwell. I must have rest. Will you call on me this evening? I shall have work for you!"

The Count bowed and retired, returning at once to No. 7 in the Borough. As soon as he entered the house, he went up into his room.

"Well?" said the recluse.

"He has seen the advertisements; at all events something in the paper frightened him terribly."

"Were they in a good place?"

"Very," said the Count, who had unfortunately glanced at them, without reading them, thus losing sight of the third, for he had only interest in two.

"It works," exclaimed the recluse. "Great God! and is there to be then an end of all this. One little week, and we shall see!"

And he walked his small room in rapid strides.

"Where is Jenkins?"

"Gone home, sir."

"When does he return?"

"Before dark."

"As soon as he comes, send him round to the lawyer's; we shall then see who has called."

"Yes, sir."

"And did you hear nothing else?"

"Nothing, sir, except—"

"Except what?"

"Mr. Smith, for some reasons I know not of, is bent on the ruin of a youth, a young man about twenty-one; he has known him but a few weeks, has lent him money on a note, has lent him money at cards, and," continued the unhappy man, hanging down his head, "has employed me to win from him his all."

"The name of this youth?" cried the recluse, standing erect and menacing before the Count.

"Frederick Wilson."

"His appearance—his employment?"

Marino gave every detail of which he was cognisant.

"What? How did you say he became acquainted with this youth?"

"Wilson protected from insult a young lady, very poor, who lives with her mother in Smith's house."

"Her name, man?" cried the recluse, an awful fire beaming from his eyes; his cheek livid, his hair dropping big drops of cold perspiration.

"Mary Cartwright."

"And I must not kill this monster!" groaned the other, sinking back in his chair.

The Count looked on in silence.

"And the mother, describe her?" said No. 7, in a hollow whisper.

"I never saw either," replied the Count.

"God of Heaven, the monster! And I, blind fool, how have I been tricked. But it is neither to late for revenge nor reparation."

"Have you got any further orders, sir?"

"None," replied the recluse.

The Count then went below, leaving his employ alone.

All that day did the unfortunate man walk up and down his room. But that revenge was now the uppermost feeling of his heart, he would have flown at once to the house which contained his wife and child. But he felt that the wrongs of years were not to be lightly punished, and he wished, if possible, to have the serpent who had stung him in his power.

Meanwhile H. Smith having disguised his appearance as much as possible, went out to pay a visit to Messrs. Paul and Oakam, and Mr. Richard Stuart.

Thus Smith saw all the advertisements.

Maurice Herbert saw only that emanating from Mr. Richard Stuart, which was cut out for him by the newsman who indited it.

Mrs. Hastings saw none.

(To be continued.)

ON OLD AMYNTICHUS, A GARDENER

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

By JOHN EDMUND READE, Esq.

(Author of "Italy," "Continental Impressions," &c.)

Beloved earth! receive into thy breast
The old Amyntichus, reclined in rest;
And, for the works he consecrated thee,
Now recompense his filial piety.

He planted thee with olives, and he bound
Thy brow with myrtle, and vine-tendrils
crowned:

He covered thee with harvests, and he drew
Through thy ploughed furrows, waters, to
renew

Thy arid breast; he planted trees that bear
Fruits, and the flowers whose blossoms scent
the air.

Grateful for his past works, which still have
been,

Cover his forehead bald: and still be seen
Over his grave thy grass of richest green!

ON SOPHOCLES.

FROM THE SAME.

May the rose bloom for ever undecayed
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid!
May the vine, teeming, round his head be
bound,
Honouring the bard; and laurel boughs sur-
round
Him by the Muses as the Graces crowned.

ON PINDAR.

FROM THE SAME.

"Eagle! that, rising from the tomb,
Dost, soaring, fix thine eye
Upon the abode of gods, yon starry dome:
Say, whither dost thou fly?"

"I am Pindar's soul: I soar
Up to yon Olympian steeps:
The human form on earth I wore,
My father-land, my Athens keeps."

ON THE STATUE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT BY LYSIPPUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Well hath Lysippus rendered back the air,
Yea, all the form of Alexander there;
What character upon that brazen mould
Is stamped: what energy bursts uncontrolled!
He speaks—and, looking up to heaven, doth
cry,

"This earth is mine; thou, Jove! may'st rule
the sky."

Thou gazest on the stars, my own life's star!
Thyself a purer, lovelier being far:
Oh, that I could be yonder infinite heaven,
To which thine eyes are raised, thy heart is
given;
Then would mine eyes in myriads round
thee shine,
And multiply *their* gaze, while meeting thine.

A Pilgrimage to the Fountain of Arethusa;

OR,

A LAY AND A LEGEND OF SYRACUSE.

BY CHILDE CHILPERIC.

"Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem
Pauca meo Gallo, sed que legat ipsa Lycoris
Carmina sunt dicenda. Neget quis carmina Gallo?
Sic tibi cum fluctus subter labère Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam!"

I never felt the magic power of times past over the human mind so deeply, as when I first entered the harbour of Syracuse. Other places I had beheld, invested with all the interest of historical association, where men had fought and bled and died for glory or for liberty; where acts of virtue and deeds of prowess had been done by the high-hearted and ambitious soldier, or by the citizen who scarcely looked for a reward beyond the smiles of his domestic hearth, and accepted rather than courted the applause of his countrymen, and the marble honours destined to carry his name down to the latest posterity. My feet had disturbed the dust which chokes the streets of Pompeii, and awoke the echoes which nearly two thousand years before had been roused by applauding thousands in the now buried theatre of Herculaneum. But on this occasion—I know not why—a still deeper thrill of enthusiasm gushed through my frame, as I gazed on scenes where the heroes of old time had triumphed and suffered, and thought how many noble hearts had once thronged upon those distant hills, and throbbed for the last time there.

It has now become a vulgar pleasure to visit spots famed in classic lore. And why? It is customary to answer, that the few only are really alive to the true delights of such pilgrimages, but that fashion and accident lead the mass, who are more capable of material enjoyments than the refined sensation they seem to seek. But is not this the very pride of learning? Must one be a scholar to feel interest in Syracuse? Who does not know it as the birthplace and the burying-place of great and good men? And this knowledge must suffice—as long as genius and virtue, and the high efforts of humanity to assimilate with its Creator, are held in honour—to make every pulse beat quicker at its approach. 1370.

preach, to flush our cheeks with emotion and to dim our eyes with tears of sympathy and joy. At such times we feel an affinity with the greatness we admire. By pondering over its actions, by dwelling on all that is achieved, we seem to draw nearer to it, we raise ourselves towards its level, we associate ourselves with it and with its reward. By blowing up the embers of departed worth, we catch for a moment the reflex of its brightness on our countenances.

The associations of poetry are of a different character. They vibrate less powerfully through the mind; but, appealing to more tender and less masculine feelings, induce a pleasure perhaps inferior in purity, inferior in the power of inciting to action—inferior, in short, in moral effect, but exquisitely soothing, and possessing something of a divine influence in dispelling every melancholy and gloomy thought. History is full of tragic reminiscences: it tells of the crimes as well as the virtues of human nature; it records the pangs as well as the triumphs of our forefathers; it sternly reminds us that death besets us on every side, and lies in wait at the end of every path; it is fond of dealing with the decrepitude of states, exhibits with more vividness the rise than the fall of empires, delights in pictures of cities taken by storm, of nations dispersed, of families destroyed; it refuses to conceal the failings of the wisest and the best; and if true to its mission, forces upon us the unpalatable truth that man, though made in the image of his God, has in all ages done his best to destroy the resemblance—he distorts his own form in wickedness, and mangles that of his brother in envy. Poetry draws a different picture, paints with its own colours, throws a varnish over the whole scene. Joy is on its lips, love in its heart—it has nothing to do with our weaknesses or our littlenesses; it tells its own story in its own way, uncurbed by the stern events of reality; and instead of reminding us where we are, leads us in spirit to the land whither we should wish to go.

It was for some such reasons as these that, after giving a thought and a sigh to the Athenians whose prison and whose tomb could in the distance be described, and running rapidly over the list of events and personages connected with this once celebrated place, I passed with pleasure to

the rich fiction; of the poets. Far in the distance, pencilled against a sky of intense blue, rose Etna, reminding us of the valley near its foot where Persephone, whilst sporting in the prime of youth and beauty, was snatched away by her grim husband Death. Of this simple tale, and the poets who had embalmed it in imperishable verse, I could not choose but think. Visions too of Hybla and its honey, floating like molten gold in combs of silver, flashed across my mind. And then the pastoral poets, with Theocritus at their head, led forth before my view a bevy of their fairest creations; and scenes of sylvan beauty, of woods and uplands, alive with bleating flocks, swarmed through my brain; and catching my breath and treading lightly, lest the rustling of the leaves should reveal my presence, I beheld the shepherd wooing the maiden of his choice beneath the discreet shade of the elm, and the oak, and the fruitful beech, and the hanging willow by the margin of glassy brooks or quiet lakes, or with the rippling sea shining beneath the arch of leaves beautiful and serene; but in vain soliciting the attention of those who within the depths of each other's eyes beheld all that was lovely and worthy to gaze upon in the whole universe.

The lightning step of thought had glided over all these things, as our vessel, moved by the almost thought-like swiftness of steam, cleft the last half-mile that lay between us and the far-famed port of Syracuse. For a while, the rush of vulgar sensations, the crowd of vulgar passions, incident to the entrance of a Sicilian, Italian, or indeed, in some degree, of any harbour, dissipated my loftier cogitations. We rounded slowly at reduced speed the point of the ancient Ortygia, and entered the lake-like expanse of water which it shelters from the sea. Never was there a more splendid site for a great city! And yet that vast plain once crowded with houses, and streets, and squares, and palaces, and temples, and hippodromes, and theatres, and fortifications, is now restored to the plough; and the once gigantic hive of population has shrunk within the narrow dimensions of a little island once its smallest quarter. There are few hills of any height in the neighbourhood of the port; but Epipola, immortalised by the tragic pen of Thucydides, breaks the horizon; and far, far away, the giant form of

Etna, which seems magnified instead of diminished by distance, towers towards the heavens. At the bottom of the harbour, the mouth of the Anapus is seen, and its sedgy course may be traced for some distance over the plain. Syracuse itself, though now an insignificant place, is not of a mean aspect. The white stone houses are grouped together in a picturesque manner; and the church, built on the site of the ancient temple of Minerva, and bearing little resemblance to an ordinary Christian place of worship, crowns the whole.

A large boat, manned by some twenty custom-house officers, accompanied us from the entrance to our anchoring ground, watching us intently as we moved along, though whether for fear we should artfully project illicit goods or ideas into the town seemed doubtful. In all Sicilian ports, they are more solicitous about contraband doctrines than contraband merchandise; they are more fearful of admitting a ray of knowledge from the enlightened nations of Europe, than anything bearing a tax in their tariff. At Messina, before being allowed to land, I was closely questioned as to whether I had any *books*, any *political journals*, or any *letters of introduction*; and it was only on my giving a satisfactory negative, that my *profane* feet were allowed to touch the shore.

We had no sooner dropped our cable, and began letting off the steam, than a huge crowd of boats, swarming with ragamuffins, surrounded us, and a din of curses and vociferations, unexampled except at Naples, assailed our ears. When *pratique* had been obtained, a shoal of soi-disant guides boarded us, all of most execrable aspect, and all brandishing testimonials of good character in proportion to the villainousness of their countenances. And here I will take the opportunity of giving my readers a piece of general advice;—Never follow a guide who bears a testimonial of good character. Avoid him as you would the plague; and take up with the unpretending rogue who bears about in his pocket no such license to cheat, and who perhaps has not added to his other crimes that of forgery.

A sleek-looking fellow, calling himself Jack Robinson, addressed us, offering to take us to the quarries, to the Ear, to the theatre, to this place and that place. Now

we had resolved never again to place ourselves in the hands of a professional guide; to show us a recommendatory document, therefore, was to show us the letters of Bellerophon. We gave them an interpretation of our own.

This said Jack pulled from his breast a handful of greasy papers, all certifying that he was the perfect model of a guide; that he was possessed of every good quality under heaven; that he was honest, sober, and industrious. I am not quite positive that it also stated him to be the best of fathers, the best of husbands, and the best of sons; but this he told us himself. For a moment I felt, as the French say, "attendrit." I raised my eyes to gaze with delight on this inimitable character; but,

"Look on his face, and you forget it all."

Rogue was stamped upon his brow; deceit and cunning gleamed in his dull grey eye; falsehood lurked on his lip; sycophancy, struggling with impudence, might be traced in every lineament. Oh, inimitable Jack Robinson!

It was impossible to get rid of this fellow. He had fifty reasons for being importunate; his heart expanded as we repelled him; he sympathised with us strangers as it were thrown by chance on that inhospitable coast; he felt it his duty to tend our footsteps; no mercenary motives actuated him: "Give me what you please; if you don't like a shilling, give sixpence; if you don't like sixpence, give twopence; if you don't like twopence, give nothing." We took a prejudice, however, against him, because he was so well recommended; and calling a respectable-looking Charon, escaped, as we thought, from his clutches.

Landing in a Sicilian port is really a moment of delirium. At the foot of the ladder, a crowd of fellows struggled for the honour and the profit of landing us. The rush was tremendous; the bawling, awful; up and down we went, now thrust into one boat, now dragged into another, now slipping between two; stumbling, staggering from gunwale to gunwale; pushing away one man, beckoning to another; now losing, now regaining our footing; now finding our hand in a man's eye, now feeling a boy's head bobbing against our stomachs; and at length, as chance would have it, plunging into the wrong

boat, and shaking our fists in the face of the respectable individual we had summoned, and, because he remonstrates with us, swearing he was a rogue and a cheat!

In the midst of all this, I saw a dark form and a sinister countenance glide by in awful silence; and when I had at length safely arrived at the wrong destination, who should I see sitting beside me but the indefatigable Jack Robinson!

We could not chuck him into the sea, so were compelled to submit to his company. He appealed to our feelings, represented himself as the father of a family, and finally, as a finishing stroke, informed us he had served on board the English fleet many a long year ago, and then received his nickname. Determined to pay him back in his own coin, we told him that we had made a vow (as we had) never again to put ourselves in the power of an Italian guide.

"Then let me not go as a guide," said the inimitable Jack, pressing his hand to his heart, "but as a friend!"

There was no resisting this; and we sullenly yielded to his importunities, and allowed him to follow us, not, however, without compunctions of conscience on our part. Let me finish his story at once: he guided us over all the ruins; we treated him better than he could have expected, indulged him copiously in wine, were kind to his little boy who accompanied him, and at the end paid him of course exactly what we should have done had he not offered to guide us for nothing, and had we sought his assistance. Bowing to the ground, he thanked us; but sneaking away, went to find some of our fellow-passengers, to malign and turn us into ridicule; and had the audacity to come on board the steamer, and, not imagining that we could understand his Sicilian jargon, collected a crowd, and began to amuse them at our expence. When he had concluded, he turned to my companion R * * * * *, who, though he looks as meek as a dove, has a spice of pepper in his composition; and, with the blindest of smiles, held out his hand to receive that of his newly acquired friend. What was his surprise at seeing a foot raised instead! Accustomed to that kind of treatment, he understood the state of the case in a moment; and clapping his hands behind him as a defence, the inimitable Jack Robinson disappeared amidst a

shout of laughter, and was soon pulling off for shore.

The streets of Syracuse are narrow, paved with stone, and much resemble those of ancient Pompeii. The houses would have a very gloomy appearance, on account of the paucity of windows, were it not for their white or light yellow colour. At the time when we landed, most of the inhabitants were enjoying their siesta, and the place appeared almost deserted. Our first visit was paid to the ancient temple of Minerva, of which a few pillars only remain, embedded in the walls of a church. At the bottom of the square or place where this is situated, we perceive a narrow street, which we were about to pass, when accidentally the name struck us: "STRADA FONTANA ARETHUSA."

I had forgotten the story of this Grecian nymph; but now the whole flashed before me. Here then was the spot whither she had fled from the rough embraces of Alpheus, and where she expected to spend in safety, free from the pleasing anguish of love, the remainder of her days. In pity of her lonely condition, the goddess turned her into a fountain of pure and limpid water, or rather gave her power to disappear at pleasure, and mingle her existence with her own peculiar element. For at night in that umbrageous cave she might have been seen, counting her long tresses by the gurgling stream, or slumbering in peace by the margin of the rocky basin. Though so far removed, her lover did not despair of finding her; and exerting all his strength, soon effected a subterraneous passage beneath the broad sea that divided him from his beloved; and rising in a tremendous gush of water, caught her taking her rest by the fountain side. And ever since, a stream of greater volume has rolled forth from the rock; and though earthquakes have divided it and rendered it less pure, it still to this day flows with extraordinary copiousness into the Syracusan harbour.

Eager to see this celebrated fountain, we hurried down the street, and soon came to a low thick wall, over which we were told to look. It formed one side of a large triangular hole, about thirty feet deep and some twenty yards long; the opposite side was formed by the city wall, whilst a large house rose at the end. Sand and gravel half choked up the bottom; but on one

side was a large clear pool, fed by a powerful stream gushing through a narrow arched channel in the living rock. We had not expected the somewhat extraordinary sight that now presented itself. A number of women, pretty nearly in the costume we are accustomed to ascribe to the nymphs, were busily engaged in washing themselves and the clothes; and though at first a little disturbed by our appearance, continued without much interruption. None of them were remarkably pretty; but most were well made, and allowed us to see it. A young girl, however, of about eighteen, very handsome, with large dark eyes and jet-black ringlets, came down to the brink while we were there; at first she hesitated, then looked coy, then fierce, and then boldly undid her garters, pulled off her stockings, tucked up her garters, and plunged in!

Very much shocked, as in duty bound, we proceeded to the cave through which the water first passes. It is a small, dark, damp grotto, with a basin in the centre. Here we found other bathing nymphs, some of them of most repulsive appearance, who leaped out, and crowded round us, with palms opened in a most significant manner. We did not taste the water, though assured it was perfectly potable, and encouraged by example.

The history of the variations of this fountain are curious. In ancient times, whilst the habitation of Arethusa, it was sweet of course as the nymph herself; but when her spirit had fled, it gradually deteriorated; and even in the time of Athenæus, had lost much of its excellence. Formerly, too, it was full of fish sacred to Diana, "which whosoever took is dead since;" it was believed, at least, that if anyone touched them, even in times of famine and war, he incurred great calamities. This is not the place to enter into the rationale of such superstitions; but observe how well they were in this case adapted to circumstances. Men would not be driven, until at the very last extremity, to meddle with these *sacred fish*; and then all the evils likely to occur at such times would be attributed to the sacrilege committed.

It was in the horrible earthquake that happened on Easter Sunday in the year 1100, that the fountain of Arethusa, according to Mirabelli, lost its sweetness.

On this occasion, great devastation was committed; the greater part of the city was destroyed, and all the people assembled in the church were killed, the priests who were celebrating mass alone excepted. Various other earthquakes are mentioned by Tarcognota, Buonfiglio, and Pirri; all of which increased the saltiness of the water. In 1506, it was completely dried up; but springs, like murders, will out, and it made its appearance for a time elsewhere. Returning, however, partially to its ancient bed, it has continued to experience numerous vicissitudes, passing from fresh to salt and from salt to fresh. In 1813, Capodiceci found it once more dry for a season; but it returned brackish as before. At present, however, I believe it is potable; for, as I have already said, our guide invited us to drink, and indulged himself in a good draught. The reason why we declined the honour shall be given in the words of a gallant Frenchman, the Abbé de St. Non: "*Dans ce bassin le linge le plus sale est lavé par une troupe de femmes plus sales encore.*"

Turning from the actual inspection of this place, we ran over in our minds the various allusions of the poets, and endeavoured to account to ourselves for the deep impression which the name of Arethusa had made upon our minds. At first, we were tempted to attribute the whole to the natural and irresistible charms of verse; but then came the question, how was it that many other names, less seldom mentioned, had left a much fainter imprint? We were driven then to the belief that we had read some passage in Pindar, Virgil, Ovid, or Claudian, at some peculiarly favourable moment, when every chord in our frame was rightly strung, when unusually delightful circumstances surrounded us—perhaps when we were in the first flutter of a first passion. However this might be, it was with intense delight that we wandered back in imagination over the flowery field of poetry, seeking amidst its most sequestered nooks, under tufts of more gorgeous hues, for this single wild flower. We have no sympathy with laziness, and therefore refrain from culling a bouquet, and clapping it under our reader's nose; but as we first taxed our memory and at a future period spent some days in the Great Library of the Knights at Malta feeding on the story of Arethusa,

we say to those who would experience equal pleasure, "Go and do likewise."

But not satisfied with the ancient legends, we made diligent inquiry after more modern ones. Our guide could give no assistance, and for some time we were left in the lurch. At a future period, however, a manuscript in old Italian, mixed with dog-Latin, came into our hands. It was found in a picture-dealer's shop, among some chips and shavings, which nearly choked up a sort of antique chiffonier of carved oak. What we had the conscience to offer for this piece of literature, we are ashamed to confess. It came into our hands; and then we started the question, "What use can we make of it?" As to publishing the original, it was out of the question; it seemed, therefore, necessary to attempt a translation. But how was this to be done? Nothing could exceed the irregularity of the versification, which was generally a sort of mixture of all kinds of meters, seldom deviating into true harmony. The author, as an exceedingly brief prefatory remark announced to us, was a certain Father Matthew, who, after having led a very gay life, had retired to a convent in the neighbourhood of Syracuse, and amused himself with literary pursuits. Occasionally, he wrote as a man of the world, but often as a monk. Though he attempted tales, the narrative seldom formed the principal portion. Every occasion for a sermon was seized upon; not an opportunity for "improvement," as the phrase is, did he suffer to let slip. The manuscript before us comes to the support of this remark. It contains two stories, the first of two thousand lines, the second of three thousand seven hundred. The first relates the sad fate of one Roland, struck in modern times, according to the poet, with Nympholepsy; and the second records the achievements of a young crusader. We shall attempt an abridgment of Roland's adventures, leaving out the interminable moral and philosophical reflections, the citation of ancient authors, and most of the violent diatribes against the tender passion. Some few of the last we retain, because they reveal that Father Matthew had not succeeded in stifling the old man within him, and that if he had ceased to love, he well knew what love was. The passage beginning, "And maidens who had loved him," in the origi-

nal, at least, contains a touch of nature worth all the fantastic figures we have retained, and some we have omitted.

THE LEGEND OF ARETHUSA'S WELL.

Though great the joys of love, it brings still greater woe;
Many the tears that lovers shed, many the pangs they know;
For passion paints the world too fair, the future makes too bright,
Peoples our nights and haunts our days with visions of delight.
Man fondly thinks, when first he feels love thrilling in each vein,
That he for aye will happy be, and ne'er will grieve again.
Be not deceived; for never mirth we taste without alloy—
Grim sorrow, crouching low to earth, treads on the heels of joy:
We spread our arms to clasp the form, so beautiful and fair;
It fades, it vanishes, and lo! grief's spectral shape is there.

* * * *

Young Roland, by the margin of the wave
That melts in murmurs on Sicilia's shore,
Stood to behold the wanton waters lave
The bright-hued pebbles which themselves once bore,
To deck their favourite coast. His mind was free

From every thought of sorrow, and his frame
Glowing with health. Upon his brow had he
Ne'er felt the blush of anger or of shame.
How glorious is a man of such a mould,
With nature's bloom upon him yet, a child
In all the ways of evil, but as bold
As the strong lion in his deserts wild!
He gazed as one to whom each moving billow
That glanced towards his feet could tell a tale;
As, why the winds had sought so soft a pillow,
When fleets of homebound ships were under sail;
And why all nature at the set of sun
Wore such a beauteous aspect; why his breast
Swelled with delight, now that his work was done,
And once again had come the hour of rest;
And why—but no—he thought not of the morrow;
His present bliss sufficed; and all his mind

Did from that hour of tranquil beauty borrow
Delight which throned princes cannot find.

* * * *

Why starts he from his pensive mood?
Why that impassioned gaze?
And why that flood of mounting blood?
Why stands he in amaze?
Along the strand, come hand in hand
A troop of damsels fair,
Seeking amid the yellow sand
Bright shells to deck their hair.
Their eyes are like the early star
That sheds its golden ray
From its throne afar, where angels are
Down on the birth of day.
Glance from their lips, as rubies bright,
Quick as drops of falling rain,
Smiles of delight, that take their flight
Only to come again.
Onward they move, like the clouds above
Waft by the evening breeze;
Onward they glide, like the rippling tide
Of the deep-blue summer seas;
And one tall damsel, 'mid the crowd,
With mien majestic rose;
Though haughty and proud, his head he bowed
To her, as the queen of those;
And never again he raised it up,
As glorious as of yore;
He stoop'd to drink love's poisoned cup,
And he was free no more.

* * * *

Who paces on the yellow sand,
Pressing his brow with feverish hand
To still its mutinous throbbing? Say,
Can this be Roland, who that day,
Free of all care and sorrow, trod
The earth like any demi-god;
Who wore such glory on his brow
As martyred saints around them throw?
Now, pale and haggard, he doth tread
Slow as the watcher of the dead,
Or wildly hurries to and fro,
As a chafed beast in his cage doth go:
There he hath been since set of sun;
The moon more than half her course hath run,
And shineth now on tossing seas
And tempest-agitated trees.
He heeds her not, for through his soul
New thoughts, new passions wildly roll;
That day before his dazzled sight
Had passed a vision of delight;
It came, it went, but left a trace
Which time itself could ne'er efface.

* * * *

The dew of early morn was shed,
The shades of that long night had fled,
Or e'er with step reluctant, slow,
From that fatal spot he turned to go.

* * * * *
Attend, ye youth, from love yet free, I pray
ye hearken well;

List to my words of wisdom, list to the tale
I tell.

Gaze not on beauty's face, but bend your eyes
to earth;

For ah! twin-born with joy, to sorrow love
gives birth.

Heed not the voice of passion, but unto heaven
pray;

By prayer and fasting, children, love may be
driven away.

And, maidens, turn to holiness, nor seek the
young to snare;

Bind up those locks in fillets, bind up your
golden hair;

In modest garb demurely move, like saints
in cloisters dim,

And quench those floods of wanton fire that
in your deep eyes swim;

Oh, go not warbling through the groves; oh,
sport not on the plain;

Bathe not your feet in running streams; but
ah, I preach in vain;

In vain would woman seek to lose the power
men's hearts to move;

Then gaze not on them, children mine; *for*
if you gaze, you love!

* * * * *
No more is Roland gayest of the gay;
No more in gladness glides his life away;
No more he cheers his time with blitheful
song;

Heavy and slow the hours drag wearily along.
And there each eve, by margin of the wave,
He treads alone, nor fears the storm to brave;
Unheeded throbs the lightning through the
sky,

E'er Jove's red thunderbolts unheeded fly;
Unheeded, foaming seas assail the shore,
And rain-floods from the burning welkin pour,
Whilst tempests with their brazen voices roar.

Nightly he treads, with ever watchful eye,
Once more that lovely vision to descry,
Expectant still; but doomed to feel the smart
Of disappointment ranking in his heart.
Sometimes he hears, or thinks he hears, a
voice,

Silvery and low, that bids his soul rejoice;
For patience its reward at length must find,
And wearied fortune must at length be kind.

His home deserted, and his friends forsook,
For the strange joys of that sequestered nook,
Of madman gains this silly youth the name;
Some deem that love and madness are the
same.

* * * * *
A year hath winged its rapid flight,
A year of pleasure and of pain;
To some 'twas dark, to some 'twas bright,
But spring hath come to all again.
Tears that were shed are dried away,
As 'neath the sun the dews of night;
And pangs that men felt yesterday,
Are now forgotten quite.
Still Roland nightly seeks that strand,
And there alone again is he,
Bathing with tears the yellow sand,
Despairingly, despairingly.
What voice salutes his hungry ear?
What accents charm his sense?
Oh, hope and fear, what forms appear,
To lure poor Roland thence?
The self-same troop of maidens snare
- With dance and sprightly song;
And she herself, who won his love,
Doth beckon him along.

" Oh come, oh come,
To my fountain home,
Where I've tarried this live-long year;
Follow on, follow on,
Ere the hour be gone;
Follow on, follow on, without fear.

" There, there shall you rest
On a goddess's breast,
And list to its passionate sighs;
There, there shall you find
Love, joy, peace of mind,
For with kisses I'll close your eyes."

* * * * *
The gates of moated Syracuse, that city
famed in story,
Were opened that night, by the moon's pale
light, saith the watchman pale and hoary.
They rolled aside with a heavy clang, yet no
mortal touched the key:
He looked in terror forth, but nought his
aged eyes could see,
Save one tall form he thought he knew, that
hastily ran by,
And seemed to scan the formless air with
keen and glowing eye.
He passed; the gates on creaking hinge roll-
ed back; but some men deem
That all he saw was phantasy—a vain and
idle dream.

Yet this I know, when morning came, poor
 Roland was not found;
 They sought him in the city, and in the
 country round;
 They sought him at Epipolæ, they questioned
 every cave;
 They sought him on the salt sea-shore, they
 dived beneath the wave;
 And maidens who had loved him and wooed
 his smiles in vain,
 Now laid aside their feigned scorn, and
 sought him o'er the plain;
 And many a friend whom jealousy had
 severed, now once more
 Locked hand in hand, a pensive band, sought
 round the sweeping shore;
 And through the paths where once they
 passed with proud averted eye,
 Now, side by side, fair rivals glide, and
 heaved alike the sigh.
 Hills, valleys, woods, and sedgy streams, re-
 sounded with his name;
 They sought him, but they found him not;
 called, but he never came.

* * *

Many springs had passed away,
 Many summers wing'd their flight;
 'Twas a merry holiday,
 Earth was fair, and heaven was bright;
 Birds were twittering everywhere;
 Every breeze was perfume laden;
 All seemed joyful. Where was care?
 Not in the breasts of youth or maiden.
 "Come to the grotto, let us stray,
 That I may breathe my vows to thee,"
 A lover to his maid did say;
 "Come boldly, trust thyself with me."
 Where Arethusa's silent stream
 In twilight cave doth dimly flow,
 Like the pale waters of a dream,
 These youthful lovers softly go;
 And there, whilst murmuring accents fell
 In passion's low and trembling voice,
 From lips they say could mould them well
 Into a heart they made rejoice,
 They found upon that happy day,
 Though oft before they whispered there,
 As Syracusan gossips say,
 A ring that Roland used to wear!

"Syracusan gossips, indeed!" cries a
 holy transcriber, in a crabbed marginal
 note. "It is handed down on good au-
 thority, that Father Matthew was him-
 self the hero of this epilogue: as to the
 adventures of Roland, they are no doubt
 as true as the ancient story of Arethusa;

but I am surprised that that so grave a
 man should have woven such a trite legend
 into an excellent moral discourse, full of
 choice learning."

When I can find a publisher who will
 bring out the original in its full splendour,
 the public will be better able to appreciate
 the above remark. For my own part the
 story interested me, because it referred to
 the fountain of Arethusa, not exactly from
 its intrinsic merit. It is evidently an
 adaptation of a fairy tale, now common
 all over Europe; and it must be confessed
 that to a person of classical taste, the con-
 necting of one or two modern inventions
 with the sublime creations of antiquity is
 highly shocking and objectionable.

The Money Bag.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

The Arabs, whether wandering over the
 desert or confined in cities, are all more or
 less remarkable for their lively, naive, and
 ingenious mode of telling a story. My
 Arabic teacher, a native of Grand Cairo,
 but descended, I believe, from Syrian an-
 cestors, possesses in a striking degree the
 storytelling faculty; and when my attention
 to his learned dissertation on verbs and
 vowel-points begins to flag, he is always
 provided with some pleasant story, which
 he relates in a kind of *Lingua Franca*, not
 over intelligible, but sufficiently so to allow
 of my feeling a deep interest in what he
 says. In many instances, I believe, the
 principal interest arises from his manner
 of narrating, and the gestures and turns of
 countenance, if I may use such a phrase,
 with which, like a true oriental, he accom-
 panies his tale: but there was one story
 which struck me as being rather curious
 in itself, and I am persuaded that could I
 relate it half so well as he, the reader also
 would be of my opinion. It is called "The
 Money Bag," and has frequently, he tells
 me, delighted an audience of bearded
 orientals on the banks of the Nile. It will
 be less successful, I fear, on those of the
 Thames; but I will repeat it, and make the
 experiment.

In the last war between the Turks and Per-
 sians, a young man of the latter nation was
 taken prisoner, and, contrary to the general
 practice of Mussulmans, reduced to slavery.
 His master was a rich old Turk, who lived
 in a retired way, in what may be termed a
 villa, upon the western banks of the Tigris,
 a little above Bagdad. Like all other
 Turks he was a sootie, and considered it
 to be a part of his creed to believe that all
 sheahs were predestinated to be bad men
 in this world, and damned in the next; and

consequently, although Shamak, his Persian slave, was in reality a Mussulman, and every day repeated a thousand times that there was no God but God, and that Mohammed was the prophet of God, old Kamar regarded him as a genuine imp of perdition, whom it was allowable to curse and maltreat whenever it might be judged necessary. Shamak, however, like our own Sir Kenelm Digby, was a man who, if he were dropped from the clouds in any part of the world, would quickly command a degree of respect and admiration, and soon succeeded in impressing upon the mind of the Turk a very favourable idea both of his person and character.

By degrees Kamar, reflecting that his slave had a soul, and might perhaps be snatched by his ministry from the fate of all obstinate sheahs, began to converse with Shamak on the subject of the Koran; but generally lost all patience when the obstinate young heretic evinced, either by words or gestures, his respect for Ali. However, as disputation is delightful to all men, and especially to those who are always in the right, as all masters are when they argue with their slaves, Kamar never failed to return to the debate, whenever he found himself alone with the young man; and sometimes took him along with him in his journeys to Bagdad, Hillah, or Moldain, whither he would occasionally go, chiefly for the sake of moving about.

On one of these excursions, which happened to be on the eastern side of the Tigris, they were suddenly encountered by three Koordish robbers, who, taking no notice of the slave, unhorsed the old man, and throwing down their spears, alighted to plunder and strip him. Being nominal subjects of the king of Persia, they were in some sort the countrymen of Shamak, who saw clearly that by joining them in their present affair he should recover his liberty. Kamar, however, was an old man, and, in spite of his argumentative humour, had been a kind master. Besides, he was now the weaker party, and, though he said nothing, he seemed to look imploringly towards him. Without consulting any other feeling than that of pity, Shamak at once determined to rescue him, and snatching up the spears of the robbers, he unexpectedly attacked them, ran one through the body, and put the others to flight. Then assisting the old man to mount his horse, he leaped upon one of the Koordish steeds, and led the way as rapidly as possible towards the Tigris, which they crossed, and were in safety.

The first impulse of Kamar's heart was to liberate his slave, and send him home laden with presents to his friends; but he soon changed his mind, when he reflected that he should thus deprive himself of a faithful and brave domestic, whom he now

regarded almost as a friend. He was in fact too much attached to him, to think of parting with him, and knew of no method to unite gratitude with prudence. With a sort of wisdom not at all uncommon, he, however, concealed from his slave the good opinion he entertained of him, and the plans he was meditating for bettering his condition, lest he should presume upon his goodness, and render himself less worthy of kindness. There was one thing in Kamar's house, which Shamak had discovered by mere accident, which rendered him less anxious, perhaps, than he might otherwise have been to obtain his liberty. This was the old man's daughter, Fatme, who, like all young ladies of her age, entertained a more generous philosophy than that which swayed her father.

To see and to love Fatme were the same thing; for her beauty was of that Circæan kind which takes the reason prisoner. She was about eighteen, an age at which women in the east are like the full-blown rose, mature in loveliness, and just at that point where we could wish that time would allow them to remain for ever. Her meditations, too, were just then busy in solving a problem of which we all attempt the solution once in our lives, and generally with too much success. At this happy conjuncture, her eye, the purveyor of love, fell upon Shamak, who was formed by nature both to excite and to experience the most powerful emotions. His figure was slender, but well-turned, and light and agile as that of the barb: his features were handsome, and his eye, grey like that of Achilles, denoting the mixture of fierce passion and controlling intellect which distinguished his character, occasionally indicated that a thoughtfulness, almost approaching to melancholy, had seized upon him. His cheek, too, was pale, and somewhat hollow, as if the tooth of sorrow had been gnawing at it. With such a person, far better calculated than a form clothed in the purple light of love to awaken lasting passion in the breast of a woman like Fatme, Shamak possessed a soul of fiery stamp, which led him to think that to aim at the heart of a princess would not be to aspire. Even before his misfortune, he had cast a scrutinising and bold eye over the structure of society, and convinced himself that mankind were of one family, and that, select whoever he might for his consort, it would still be marrying in and in, as the phrase is. Therefore, though now in the condition of a slave, he found no change in the temper of his soul, whose wings had not been, and could not be, shorn by captivity.

When he first beheld Fatme, a glance sufficed to inform him that he had discovered the only woman on earth who could command the unconstrained worship of his heart; but whether fate, which had

predestined that he should love, had also predestined that his love should be fortunate, was another question. He saw distinctly the difficulties which his unfortunate position threw in his way; but there was no remedy. He already loved.

Fatme, on her part, who, though she had seen numerous young men, had never before experienced the slightest disposition to love, was astonished at the existence of the new feelings which had sprung up in her heart. The seeds of love, like those of plants, may, it is true, be warmed into a spurious kind of vegetation by artificial means, but can never be properly ripened until they feel the influence of the real sun. That Shamak, who was now her father's slave, had once been a soldier, she knew; and she, moreover, suspected from his appearance, that he had also been a person of some distinction. It was therefore no degradation to bestow her affections upon him. Had there been degradation in it, there was no help—her affections were fixed.

In most cases, the historian of love has to describe the tyranny of parents, and the stratagems by which inventive youth contrives to elude the mandates of despotism. But in this instance the father was no tyrant. He loved his daughter, the more deeply, perhaps, in that she was his only child, and the continuation, as it were, of the being of a woman who had once been every thing to him, and was now in paradise. He could not perceive, however, without pain that she looked with affection upon his slave, not because the young man was of mean rank, for of that he was not informed; but because he was a sheah, and therefore condemned to be damned. He believed, also, that all Persians were of mean dispositions, liars, traitors, hypocrites; and though Shamak had probably saved his life, and certainly had saved his purse, still this might have been from a mere temporary ebullition of humanity, not from any innate goodness of heart. He determined, therefore, to reason with his daughter upon the subject, and to turn her from her purpose by kindness and confidence. And with a woman like Fatme, he could not have followed a course more likely to succeed.

When Kamar questioned his daughter respecting her love for Shamak, she confessed it; and added that he was the only man on earth whom she could love as a husband. From this the old man concluded that they had disclosed their thoughts to each other, and vowed eternal fidelity; but when he expressed his suspicion to his daughter, he learned with surprise and pleasure that they had never yet spoken of love, scarcely of anything else; and that the heart had hitherto made use of nothing beyond the language of the eyes.

From this he drew a favourable omen, and began by reasoning and persuasion to undermine the foundation of love. At length he hit upon the very point best calculated to shake the affection of Fatme: he affirmed that whatever she might imagine to the contrary, he was well assured that if it were within his reach, Shamak would gladly relinquish her for his freedom, and the power to return to his family and first love. At this idea Fatme's cheek became pale, and, after a brief pause, she replied with solemn vehemence, that if she were once convinced of this she would herself furnish him with the means of flight, to rid herself of his looks—but that she could not believe it. "God is great!" replied her father. "We will try the sheah, and if he prefers the sight of you to his freedom, by the soul of my father, sheah as he is, I will yield up to him the child of my bosom, the delight of my eyes, the daughter of my Mendeli." And the tears started into his eyes at the remembrance of the wife of his youth, and of all the love he had once felt for her—nay, still felt, though the black, impenetrable portals of the grave now hid her from his eyes. Fatme also was affected, even unto tears, and solemnly assured her fond parent that if the young man proved to be what he suspected him, she would tear his image from her heart, even if her life should come out with it. Kamar was satisfied, and leaving her to compose herself, went out to invent some method to prove the love of Shamak.

He who has loved and lost the object of his affection, will understand the double tie by which Kamar was bound to his child, and will be able to appreciate the feelings which actuated him on the present occasion. The mode he adopted was to throw suddenly in the way of Shamak the means of transporting himself over the frontiers, and escaping from slavery; and he inwardly resolved, like a brave and honest man, to abide religiously by his promise, and give his daughter to his prisoner, should he appear to deserve her.

In the neighbourhood of the villa there was a shady walk, leading down between trees of lofty growth and magnificent appearance, to the edge of the Tigris, where Kamar, contrary to the custom of the Turks, frequently walked for recreation. Few other persons ever visited the spot, though it was not inclosed within Kamar's ground, and might be entered by any one; but the country in that part was thinly peopled, and walking far is not the fashion. Shamak, however, constantly followed his master in his walks to this spot, and as it was particularly gloomy and solitary, would frequently stray thither alone, "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." One evening, he had, as usual, strolled to

the spot, and lingered there until it was late. The moon was riding high in the cloudless heaven, and throwing her long silvery wake over the bosom of the Tigris. As he drew near the stream, his eye wandered over the interjacent plain to the distant hills of Persia, beyond which lay the home of his fathers, the room where he had been born, and the maternal eyes that had shed tears of pleasure over his infancy. His father, whose stern affection had watched over his early years, was there, and his brothers and sisters, some of whom were infants still; and they were now gathered, perhaps, round the paternal hearth, talking of their proud and daring Khosrou (for Shamak was merely the name of his servitude), and reasoning upon the probability of his death or return. The spirit of his childhood came over him at the thought, and tears of anguish, not of shame or repentance, filled his eyes; for he had gone to the field at his father's command, and with his mother's blessing, and drawn his sword for his country, in whose cause every brave man in every country is proud to shed his blood. As these ideas were darting like flashes of fire over his brain, he kicked against something with his foot, which gave way and rolled on before him, jingling over the pathway. He looked down, and in an instant saw that it was a money-bag, which his ear had informed him was full. With a feeling of indescribable delight he snatched up the treasure, and felt, as he grasped the heavy gold, and shook it to ascertain its weight, that he now possessed the key to his father's house, the deliverer from bondage, the balm which heals the pangs of affliction. The cloud of slavery floated away from his spirit, his step became lighter, wings seemed to grow from his body, he felt as if he could clear the broad river at a bound, and free himself for ever from the commands of Kamar, which, gentle as they were, were yet the commands of a master. He could have wished, however, that an opportunity had been allowed him to bid the good old man farewell, and to thank his daughter for the kind looks she had cast upon him. But he was resolved to see them no more, to put it no longer in the power of fortune to sever him from his road of honour, from his country, from his home; and as the dear thought rushed into his mind he wept with joy, and hugged the money to his bosom, blessing it, as if it had been some living friend. Then he held up the bag, which he now observed was sealed, as if it had belonged to some traveller, in the moonlight, to assure himself of his good fortune—but with the action his delight was checked. "Some poor wretch," thought he, "has passed this way, and perhaps lost his all—perhaps some merchant or traveller, who was hastening home after long

absence, with the hard gain of many a year, to solace his wife and children, and provide for his old age. And shall I seize, like a robber, on his little patrimony, and pierce his heart with a dagger, because my soul yearns for liberty? May I rather perish in captivity, and never more see the eyes of my father! Lie there, base mammon, and do thy duty to thy lawful master—my soul shall free itself without thy aid." And with the word he threw the money on the ground; and sat down to observe whether the owner would discover his loss, and return in search of it.

While he sat reflecting upon what had occurred, the idea of examining the seal of the bag by the light of the moon, which was as bright almost as day, came into his head, and he once more took up the bag to look on the seal. No sooner did he cast his eyes upon it than he discovered the name of his old master Kamar, and his ideas took a new turn. "The money," thought he, "is the wages of my servitude, which Providence has thrown into my hand to recompense me for the misery I have endured. I will accept it, fortune, and employ it in a holy cause. I will snatch it from the hand of a soonee, and scatter it over the frontiers of Persia, to aid my return to my father's house. Yet this money may, perchance, be a portion of Fatme's dowry, and she, when she hears that I am far away, will think of me with bitterness, as the canker of her fortune, the selfish destroyer of her prospects, the torturer of her heart.* And can I, indeed, live far away from Fatme? Are not my hopes like the brood of the dove, and her eyes the parents that nourish them? Can I live in any air that is not perfumed by the odour of her sighs? What, though she has not spoken, have not her eyes, the messengers of her soul, declared her love? Doth not her voice assume a gentler tone when she pronounces my name? And my own heart, is it not the best interpreter of the oracle which dwells in her breast? I love, and my soul is incapable of nourishing a despised passion! I will return to my fetters, and burst them in the face of day! I will not fly like a slave!"

Meanwhile Kamar had sought his daughter's chamber, and informed her of what he had done, adding that while they were yet speaking, the sheah, having found the money, was no doubt on his way to Persia, and laughing at his old master's beard, and his daughter's eyes. Fatme, deeply agitated by the words of her father, after striving for some time to repress her emotion, exclaimed, with passionate vehemence, "May my soul perish if he has fled! My father, it is not the part of a believer

* The music in the street melts my soul to tenderness, while I write this.

in God, of a soul diffusing charity like a sweet odour, thus to cast dirt upon the head of the unfortunate. If you are weary of Shamak, let him depart—but let him bear with him his good name, to rejoice the heart of his mother. Let him depart, I say; but as Allah shall judge me, he will bear with him over the hills of Persia thy daughter's heart, which, though incapable of a disobedient thought towards thee, will thenceforth be closed to the image of man, as the flower which folds up its leaves at the departure of the sun, opposes a closed bosom to the wandering breezes of the night." And as she spoke, her cheek grew pale, and her whole frame was shaken by emotion, as an aspen is shaken by the wind.

"Allah yayssen! God's will be done," replied her father; "if he return, thy father shall be his father, and thy home his home. If he depart, his misery be upon his own head."

Both father and daughter now grew silent, as if by mutual agreement, and paced the room in agitation, expecting, and, it should be added, wishing for the return of Shamak. At the footstep of every slave who passed through the long passages in execution of his domestic duties, or approached the apartment to inquire the will of the master, their hearts beat with expectation, and their anxiety every moment grew more and more painful. The moonlight which stole in through the long casement, gradually made the circuit of a large portion of the apartment, and the hour of retiring to rest was already long passed, yet neither father nor daughter appeared desirous of seeking repose. Both, in fact, were too deeply interested in the return of Shamak to render sleep possible—and they seemed determined to remain where they were till day, should he not return. As it grew later and later, the fears of Fatme grew stronger and stronger, though she never for a moment totally relinquished hope; and the father, far from triumphing in the accomplishment of his prediction, looked at her with a mixture of pity and anger. All the slaves in the house were now gone to rest, excepting the nurse of Fatme, who never retired before her darling foster-child, and who sat at her door, like the sphinx at that of an Egyptian temple, guarding as it were the treasure within. It was now past midnight, and the fears and hopes of the lady were wrought up to the highest pitch, when a slow heavy footstep was heard approaching the room, and a moment after Shamak was led in by the nurse, with the money-bag in his hand. Approaching Kamar, and bowing respectfully, he presented him with the money, explaining where he had found it—and was about to retire

"Stop, Shamak," said the old man, "answer me one question: hast thou a father living?"

"God is great," replied the slave; "I trust I have."

"Who is he?"

"Thou art master of my services, but not of my secrets."

"Answer him, Shamak, as thou lovest thy own soul," said Fatme.

"At your bidding, I answer, lady," replied Shamak; "my father is governor of Kermanshah."

"Stay," said Kamar, "reply first to another question: hast thou a wife?"

"No."

"Hast thou seen the woman whom thou couldst love as such?"

"I have."

"And is it my daughter?"

"It is."

"Then take her, in the name of God, and my blessing rest upon you."

All were silent for a moment, and the old man added, "Thou art then Khosrou Khan, and not Shamak?"

And he answered: "I am he."

Then the old man fell upon his neck, and wept over the young warrior—and the remainder of the story may be conjectured.*

THE PAUPER CHILD.

'Twas Christmas Day, the sun shone bright,
Spread was the festive treat,
To which the poor came with delight,
Their Christmas fare to eat.

All faces there with pleasure beam'd,
Save one unhappy child;
With pale wan countenance, she seem'd
As though she never smil'd.

Methinks I gaze e'en now again
On that young face so sad,
Expressive of such heart-felt pain,
When all around were glad.

Untended by a mother's care,
Her parents both were dead;
A workhouse home she now must share,
And eat the pauper's bread.

Poor little child, thy early hours
Are overcast with gloom;
May still for thee some sunny flowers
Around life's pathway bloom.

CLARA PAYNE.

* Some indefinite length of time ago, this story appears to have seen the light in some quarter or other. The readers who then perused it may not be sorry to meet it again, while those to whom it is new will perhaps thank us for reproducing it.

Laba Agriculture

AND

Other Curiosities of the Azores.

These islands, nearer to England than Madeira, and containing within themselves some of the most extraordinary natural curiosities in the world, are yet less known than regions distant many thousands of miles and containing nothing either curious or note-worthy. The history of the Azores is enveloped in obscurity. We are informed that about the middle of the fifteenth century, they were discovered by Joshua von Berg, of Bruges, who, in a voyage to Lisbon, was by stress of weather driven to them. On his arrival in Lisbon he boasted of his discovery, upon which the Portuguese at once set sail, took possession, and called them the Azore or Hawk Islands. The settlers were a pacific race, who cultivated the soil, bartered its produce with traders from Lisbon, and lived in harmony and peace, until in a moment of ambition Spain pounced upon them, and overrunning the place with soldiers, reduced the Portuguese to a state of slavery. Shortly, however, the Azores became the refuge of the Spaniards of Moorish extraction, under whose influence civilisation progressed, opulence took the place of poverty, and seminaries of learning became numerous. Driven out, however, on the re-accession of the Portuguese power, the islands without these energetic colonists relapsed into gloom and despondency, with a consumptive population and a corrupt government—a state of things which has not much varied to the present day. With this brief historical outline we pass to the wonders of art and nature, reserving the manners of the people for some future time.

The first appearance of the island of St. Michaels, as it greets the eye, is singular. The beach seems like ramified pillars of basalt, the trees crowning it, from the thinness of the soil, being stunted, and extending their roots horizontally along the surface of the ground. Originally St. Michaels, the principal of the group, and celebrated for its oranges, appears to have been a lovely plain covered with aromatic plants; it is now a series of hills and mountains, none of primitive origin, but of gradual volcanic production. Earthquakes, sudden blasts and explosions, were in early times frequent, while many extinguished volcanoes still exist, with others in subdued but active operation. The whole country is covered with lava, in some places appearing in craggy eminences and in others in a state of decomposition, forming a fertile and productive soil. Where the destructive agent ran without interruption,

it filled up inequalities and formed a lovely champaign country; where it was impeded, it left islands and hillocks which present the singular appearance of being covered with blooming vegetation encompassed by mountains of volcanic ashes. How the ingenuity of man contrives to overcome these obstacles may be learned by giving some account of a residence and farm established by Mr. Reed, formerly British consul. A traveller having paid him a visit, admired his taste in selecting so delicious a spot, and was surprised to learn that it was the most barren place in the whole island, a mere surface of lava, but now diversified by shade and opening, level and raised ground, garden and pasture, vineyards and orange trees. How this miraculous change was brought about is thus simply explained by a process, which has changed the whole rugged superficies of lava round Ponta del Gada into improved land. We for the sake of brevity take Mr. Reed's plan. The farm he purchased for one dollar an acre, consisted of two regions; the fertile or decomposed lava, and the barren or vitreous and indurated lava. He commenced operations on the naked, rugged surface, and from some calcareous matter, blended with this mass of hard rock, provided himself with limestone; and from the fragments of lava blasted from rocks, and dug from quarries, built his house. The decomposed land, yielding to the plough, was then sown with Indian corn, small beans, and wheat; the solid lava, with oranges and vines.

The lava being somewhat cleared by the building materials, and the cavities filled up with the redundancy of craggy eminences and vitreous and friable rubbish, the surface is marked out and holes perforated. Where the lava is shallow and seated on a stratum of vegetable earth, the holes are made with the crow or pickaxe, and the plant is at once placed in a bed where it can shoot up and extend its fibres. Where the lava is deep, the holes are blasted with powder, and the plant set in decomposed matter and decayed vegetable substances, the roots insinuating themselves into cracks and crevices. The orange and vines flourish better in this manner than in deep and luxuriant soils, in which it is exposed to storms, whereas the natural parapet round the young plant shelters it, until it is able to bear the brunt of the weather. The roots too are screened from the violence of the sun, which is also unable to pierce their rocky covering, and imbibe the moisture. When once the lava is planted, there is no more labour, and one man can improve twenty acres, dressing the shoots, and renewing the waste of vegetable earth. The value of these plantations is immense, as single orange trees

have been known to produce 40 to 60,000 oranges, more than thirty pounds in value.

Another remarkable feature in the curiosities of these islands is at Villa Franca, known as the Porto do Ilheo. In ancient times, there stood an island in the sea, about three quarters of a mile distant from the former harbour. In process of time, a vortex opened, which discharged dreadful torrents of lava, and showers of cinders and sand; by degrees the island rose to two thousand feet above the level of the sea, the conflagration excavating cavernous hollows, when suddenly, by the pressure of the waters on some weak point, the sea rushed in and extinguished the volcano. The introduction of the new element was attended with most beneficial results. A sudden explosion took place, which rent asunder a side of the vortex, through which a vessel could pass, thus forming a natural port or harbour, to which vessels of easy draught resort, both in case of distress and for the purpose of careening and refitting; it having often saved six vessels at a time from total loss. The greatest depth is eighteen feet and the shape circular. Very similar to the causes which produced the Porto do Ilheo, was a phenomenon which took place at the western end of the island, when public attention was called to the sea, from which a tremendous volume of smoke was seen to arise, though apparently thick and dense to an extraordinary height. At intervals a dark muddy substance was hove up to ten, and sometimes to twenty fathom. During the day no flame was visible, but at night the awful contest between the elements struck the senses with wonder. The flame did not always ascend very high, perhaps not more than twenty feet, but at times the fire accompanied the smoke to a most prodigious height, carrying up substances resembling stone or metal. On the fifth day a tremendous explosion took place. The fire ascended like a host of sky-rockets, and the burning lava, that flew to a prodigious elevation, was not extinguished until it plunged again into the ocean. Previous to this occurrence there was eighty fathom of water at the spot: there is now not many feet, and an island will probably soon arise.

Leaving Villa Franca, and passing through much lovely scenery, over hills and through valleys, the traveller comes to the valley of the Furnas, covered by pebbles, which when held in the flame of a candle, emit a sulphurous smell, and a smoke of intolerable stench, losing while burning in weight but not in bulk. Near at hand is a lake abounding in fish, particularly of the gold and silver species. Passing over the baths and Red river, we come to the whirlpool, which is thus described by an any-

mous traveller, and is one of the many wonders of the islands: "This singular phenomenon is not caused by an eddy, or counteraction of water in a deep river, but is miraculously expressed in the centre of a clear spring, wherein a muddy lavatic substance rises perpetually to the surface, and whirling round with a quick rotatory motion, forms a vortex of such power, that it defies the resistance of any animal that falls within its action, and sucks down with rapidity and greediness everything which chance or curiosity places in its way. These objects never more appear; and where the object is purposely thrown in, and tied to a cord, the sensation is similar to that which is experienced by the mariner who sounds in a deep sea; the line flies from the hand, and the lead while drawing up appears of an enormous weight. An authentic story is current here respecting this wonderful vortex, which is a melancholy demonstration of the fatal powers it is known to possess. The spring in which it exercises its dominion is celebrated for water-cresses of the finest sort. One of two girls who came to gather this vegetable, inadvertently slipped into the influence of its rotatory motion, but not being absolutely in the vortex, her companion flew to her assistance, seized her by the hand, and held her above danger till their united cries brought some villagers to the spot, but it was only to witness a scene of horror and death. The companion lost her hold before aid could be administered; and the poor sufferer, after whirling round in the presence of her bewailing friends and relatives, uttered a scream of agony, and finally vanished from the sight. On casting anything considerable into the vortex, the rotatory motion increases; and on endeavouring to withdraw the object, the action amounts to perturbation and rage. It is considered as idle to fathom it: two hundred fathom having been tried in vain! The water of the spring is clear and pure; the lavatic fluid is thick and impure; it does not amalgamate with the water; it rises to the surface and descends again by laws apparently unknown to man."

The next object of curiosity in this island are the Caldeiras. The Vale das Furnas presents to the eye shady groves, green pasture, flavid fields, streams of the purest water, fruits of the most delicious flavour, and air of the most balmy fragrance, while the Caldeiras is a dreary waste of volcanic sand, without shade or shelter, scorched by the rays of the sun, and intersected by deep ravines and yawning craters, where, instead of refreshing breezes, the most suffocating vapours are spread, and boiling waters, rising from the trembling earth, threaten to overwhelm

the affrighted beholder. The Caldeiras of the Furnas are discoverable by vast columns of boiling water, by the air being impregnated with sulphur, and by the overhanging atmosphere receiving the burning vapour in the form of clouds, which exhibit a beautiful variety of eccentric figures and lucid tints. The water is so hot as to boil an egg in two minutes, but so sulphuric and searching as to impregnate vegetables with an acid rendering them unfit for food.

For several yards round, slight vapours issue from the earth, which leave traces of a sublimed sulphur, exhibiting colours in which green, yellow, and azure are predominant. In the principal Caldeira the water is cast from several hundred valves, rising and falling as if ejected through the spiracles of whales. The heat is intense around. Separated from this by a bank of volcanic substance is the muddy crater thus described: "It is an object of stupendous horror that appears to appal the mind, and startle the intellect at first sight; and yet after reason or experience removed the first impressions of my fear, I made it also a foundation of pleasurable enjoyment. It is the same with fire ruins, hurricanes, a stormy sky, a troubled ocean, a wild beast in chains, or a dead monster, which, either from their natural magnificence or extraordinary novelty, become subjects of agreeable contemplation, after they have been acknowledged at once dreadful and harmless. The vortex of the muddy crater is on a level with the plain, and leads to a vast cavern, where its mineral and metallic contents are in a continued state of ebullition, and which it unceasingly endeavours to discharge through the vortex, and with a violence and uproar more powerful and mighty than the waves of the sea when they seek for admission into the recesses of their shores. But strange as it may appear, the volcano has a limited domination; its lavatic matter swells and rises to the exact periphery of its vortex, but never overflows. It is, however, generally known in the valley, that the state of the atmosphere has a visible effect upon this crater, and that it possesses a very strong presentiment of every change in it. It has been discovered that it possesses this quality in a more eminent degree than any barometer in the island. When the weather inclines to rain or wind, its noise increases from the dashing of waves to the roar of a hurricane; and when the weather is disposed to moderate, the roar subsides to the sound of waves beating against the strands of the sea. Nor is it slightly prognostic of the changes which are about to take place in the air. The barometer foretells the state of the weather only for about twenty-four hours, whereas there is

a certainty that the weather will continue fair three or four weeks, when the noise of the crater subsides. And such is the infallibility of this natural barometer, that it has never been known entirely to subside before the most perfect equilibrium of all the constituent parts of the air indicates with certainty that this great decline of detonation will not be made in vain. There are also artificial causes which operate a change of this wonderful phenomenon: stones thrown into the vortex are succeeded by an increase of noise commensurate with their magnitude, and cold water cast in excites an effervescence and uproar almost too horrible to be heard or to behold. Under this experiment, and during heavy rains, the lava swells up with impetuosity to the vortex of the crater, and emits a spray of the heat, colour, and consistence of boiling lead. The ground for several yards round is intensely hot, and no vestige of vegetation can be traced. The vortex of the crater is about forty-five feet in circumference, but as it is hourly wasting by the ebullition of its fiery contents, its magnitude will ultimately expand and absorb the Caldeiras of clear water, which at present play round its tremendous gulph."

Near at hand is the Perforated Rock, formed by the unremitting action of a hot spring beneath it, which it covers like a dome. It is about six feet in circumference, four feet deep, and perforated with holes in such a manner that its surface resembles a sieve, through which the hot water emits itself with great force. This is perhaps the only instance of a rock perforated by the perpendicular action of water beating upwards. Hot and cold streams rising at hand, with baths of every temperature, complete the picture of this wondrous locality. The Pico de Fer, a huge volcanic mountain, with lead and iron mines neglected as much from fear of spirits and goblins as from want of capital, forms another object of curiosity, as well as a fissure in the hills, between that and Formoya, where the mountain is split from the summit to the base, and the traveller proceeds from one valley to another without the slightest inequality. The geologist has here an admirable opportunity of observing the various strata, and how all is dispersed by nature in the manner most useful and congenial. On the top of all is vegetable mould, composed of various substances proper to imbibe and conduct moisture to the roots of trees and plants; under this are sands and pebbles to carry off the superabundant moisture; and that this may not run off too fast, a thin strata of clay interfered to stop it; and finally these thin layers are supported by layers of harder and more ferruginous substances.

Between Porto Formoya and Ribeira

Grande, a route adorned by flowery meads, verdant hills, villages, and villas all erected on land originating in fiery eruptions, is a subterranean fire, discovered by a light vapour shooting out of an aperture twelve inches wide. After shooting out horizontally, it suddenly ascends to a considerable height—in the day being a very light colour, at night presenting the appearance of a faint flame. If the orifice be stopped up, a noise is heard like water boiling with great violence, and small columns of confined vapour burst through weak places, so highly electrical, that instead of ascending in columns, they fork or dart about zig-zag, like lightning. It is thought dangerous by the guides to keep the passage pent up long, and equally dangerous to listen with the ear against the mountain to the rumbling noise within, as subtle vapours are apt to steal in and disturb the brain. Beyond Ribeira, the traveller is directed to a Caldeira which merits a detailed description, as well because of its intrinsic curiosity, as because of the extraordinary appearance which it presents at night.

On arriving at the summit of one of the mountains which have to be crossed to reach it, a column of white vapour is discovered rising from the centre of the cone of a volcano, one side of which being rent from the summit to the base affords the means of seeing the vapour rise in columns or streams, and also serves as a passage for the spectator to enter without impediment into the body of the cone. The scene is grand and sublime, while the heat is so intense, and the ground so hot, as to make standing still impossible. But the eye views with wonder, says a traveller, "the configuration of its borders, the internal sides, the form of the immense cone, its bottom, on which I stood, and its vortex, to which I looked up from a depth of about three hundred feet. In the centre of this astonishing theatre, the boiling water rose, as if from several apertures, and to a various height of from six to seventeen feet, tapering off in the regular and beautiful gradations of the ears of a sheaf of wheat, and forming a base, but undulating and transparent. The circumference of the crater, in which this grand exhibition is displayed to so much advantage, is two hundred and fifty paces, and the vapour which ascends rises with great velocity into the external atmosphere, and forms a reluctant cloud over the vortex of the cone. The upper edges of the cone or crater are indented in several places, and the internal sides inclined at different angles, in different parts, and abound with concretions of diversified colours and fantastic shapes. From what I observed, I considered that the concretions were principally composed of salt

and sulphur and the muriate of ammonia. I also perceived that in the lapse of time the crater had undergone many changes, and that there must have been in it formerly an abyss as well as a funnel: whence it may be deduced that the crater was once infinitely higher, and that its summit or original vortex having been precipitated into the gulph by some terrible eruption or shock, diminished the height of the crater, and blocked up the mouth of the abyss. The constant ebullition and action of boiling water at the bottom of this volcanic abyss, makes a noise similar to the waves of a stormy sea, and the vapour which issues from it, when condensed by the cold of an elevated atmosphere, descends in heavy dew to the earth, and preserves it, even in the ardent heat of summer, in the most luxuriant fertility and verdure."

But the greatest curiosity of the island is yet undescribed. Having reached a lofty summit some miles beyond the Caldeira just described, the traveller perceives the mouth of a volcano representing a gently inclined plain about half a mile in circumference, from the centre of which arises a conical mass of lavatic matter incrustated with salts and sulphurs of different colours, or rather a variegated funnel rising from a verdant base, giving vent to the terrific gulph beneath, whence arise confused noises of boiling and running waters, and a continued murmur like the roaring of the sea during a storm. Innumerable columns of boiling water, immense volumes of sulphurous vapour, poured forth; and the latter, lighter than the surrounding air, rose with great rapidity, until coming to a more dense atmosphere, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a track in the air, guided by the wind; sometimes, it is said, forming clouds of unusual brilliance, and sometimes resembling a fierce flame shooting across the skies. One great feature in connection with this locality is the facility it offers for minutely examining the violent effects of internal fire to which the region owes its present state. From the vortex of the cone, the original operation of the first eruptions was discernible; instead of rising in a strait-line, it must have rose to a great height, and moved in various directions, covering the country within range. This is manifest by the character of the lava. In some places it bears the aspect of rivers issuing from the summit of the crater in various directions; in others it presents an irregular surface, studded with huge lavatic rocks; the horrid chasms too caused by the original eruptions are also to be seen, forming valleys more than three hundred feet deep. The whole region around is covered with hardened lava, scoriae, and stones, proving that the volcano must have been burning for ages, and that it might

have cast forth its torrents of liquid fire, and shot up its fiery rocks and smoke until this day, had not an opposite element gained access to the horrid abyss, and confined its action to the perpetual boiling of waters. With the account of a night passed in this wild and savage place—full of great descriptive force—we conclude our present sketch of the wonders of the Hawk islands.

"Exhausted by the fatigues of the day, by mephitic vapours and excessive heat, we resolved to pass the night on the periphery of the crater, and return the ensuing morning to Ribeira Grande. The night was highly interesting. Several beautiful picturesque effects were produced, which were not common to the day. The huge summer clouds which are formed by the action of the sun on the surrounding ocean, collected round the brim of the vortex, and blended their watery bodies with the sulphurous and mineral vapours which were already like so many other mountains piled up on top of the volcano. The black stormy clouds passed swiftly over, and at times covering the whole, or a part of the bright column of vapour, at other times clearing away and giving a full view of it, with the various tints produced by its reverberated light, formed such a scene as no power of art can express. When the surcharged clouds passed for any time away, the vapour rose in puffs from the vortex as clear as can possibly be imagined, and succeeding each other hastily, increased in volume and size to the amazing height of five thousand feet in the air, or till their brightness and height were intercepted by clouds of greater density and darker hue. At this interruption, or at the very moment of union between the clouds and the vapour, a bright but pale electric fire is observed playing briskly in zig-zag lines, a phenomenon probably occasioned by the clouds having acquired a great degree of heat in coming in contact with vapour formed by volcanic fire. At some intervals, when the moon was obscured, and when the clouds forced the vapour to roll down the sides of the volcano, there was a mixture of colour in the clouds over the crater, a ruddy dismal light, which augmented the horror of the region, and made a most uncommon and surprising appearance, while at other intervals, when the electric shocks caused the clouds to disperse, or when the wind was sufficient to carry the clouds from the summit of the crater, they would retire by degrees, and form a black and extensive curtain, which makes the finest contrast imaginable with the splendid vapour which then rises without interruption to the view. These are the most remarkable circumstances which I could collect concerning this uncommon

no. 1371.

subject of natural curiosity. The appearances I have mentioned continued the whole of the night, at the close of which the scene was entirely changed. No sooner did the sun dispel the clouds, than the vapour arose in a conical form, and as the wind was westwardly, it directed the vapour of the eastern horizon, where the sun gave it the appearance of ignition or clouds of fire, more diversified and beautiful than can be conceived."

The Three Suitors.

Patty Leslie was an orphan, living with an aged aunt in the village of Eastbourne. With the precise locality of the place our readers have nothing whatever to do; suffice it for them to know that such a village did exist, and that Patty lived there. Every one loved her. No one could resist her bewitching smile, her merry glad-hearted laugh, and the happy glances of her bright black eyes. The ringlets of jet that clustered round her snowy brow, and fell in dark masses over her neck and shoulders, as she shook them off her face every time she burst into one of her merry laughs, added a fresh attraction to her countenance. No sport could proceed in the village, without her aid; May Day had no queen, if she came not; the dance was dull to all, but more especially to Arthur Melville, the lawyer's son, who, in order to have the privilege of dancing with pretty Patty, often joined in the amusement going forward, to the no small astonishment and pride of the young people of the village.

Everybody thought it a matter of course that Arthur loved Patty, and *vice versa*. Not a single person ventured to dispute the fact, for it had been whispered that he had been seen frequently at the cottage, carrying either books or flowers for her gratification, and some one had also actually met them walking out together.

One morning, the whole village was thrown into a state of considerable excitement by the announcement that a grand post-chaise had stopped at the inn. "Who has come?"—"what was it?"—"have you seen them?" were the questions passed hurriedly to and fro, while many stragglers went on excuses down to the inn, to ascertain the precise nature of the new arrivals. Their disappointment was great. No one had descended from the post-chaise but an old gentleman, very yellow, very cross, and very much muffled up. No one else? Was it possible? Where was he going? What had he come for? All alone too. An hour passed, when suddenly the old gentleman was seen to emerge from the inn, preceded by the ostler, who walked

near him, apparently answering a multitude of questions, for he pointed now here, now there, and occasionally threw his thumb over his shoulder, as he directed the stranger's glance towards the churchyard. Many stole to the windows, and pulled aside the curtains to see him pass; while some came out to the doors, and children, disturbed from play, gaped with open mouth as he passed on, and stopped at length opposite the door of Patty Leslie's cottage, from which at that moment emerged the tall figure of Arthur Melville, who could not refrain from casting a scrutinising glance at the new comer, in whom, however, he had no reason to dread a rival.

"This is the place, sir," said the ostler.

"Thank you. Now you may go," said the stranger, giving him his reward.

"Thank ye, your honour;" and away sped the ostler, well pleased with the generosity of the new comer.

Patty's laughing eyes were already engaged in quizzing him through the window, well stocked with geraniums and other flowers. But when he knocked, she ran trippingly to the door, and admitted him, making, as she did so, a low curtsy.

"Is Miss Leslie at home?"

"Yes, sir. Aunt, aunty dear," for the old lady was rather deaf, "a gentleman wants to speak to you. Please to walk in, sir. Will you sit down? Here is a chair."

The aunt had by this time risen and put on her spectacles, through which to scan the stranger more at her leisure.

"Martha," said the old gentleman, in a rather softer tone than he had spoken before, "don't you know me?"

"Know you? Why—let me see, sir. Oh, isn't it Mr.—no, it can't be. Well! Patty—here!"

"I don't think she can help you," said the stranger, smiling, "for I suppose she couldn't have been born when I left this place."

"Sure I know the voice," and the old lady pressed her thin and trembling hand to her forehead, as if to recall back the fast fading scenes of her early youth. Then her eyes became suddenly moistened with tears, and she threw her aged arms round the stranger's neck, and wept for joy.

"My brother Robert—my dear brother, that we thought dead."

"Yes, indeed, Martha, your brother," said the stranger, returning her embrace; "but none are here to welcome me besides you and—"

His eye rested on Patty.

"Why don't ye come forward, child? I had almost forgot you. Here's your uncle, child; your own uncle; ain't you glad, that thought you were so friendless?"

"She shall not be friendless now," said Mr. Leslie, taking her hand kindly; "she's like poor Edward's wife."

"Her mother."

"Yes, I saw her once before I left. Was this the only child?"

His sister shook her head.

"Oh no, Robert; they all lie up yonder; she's the youngest. When poor Edward died, he left her to my care."

The stranger gazed a moment or two out of the window, as if engaged in musings on the past; and then the three happy relations sat down, and over a comfortable tea, prepared by Patty, talked long over their prospects.

The risings and subsidings of emotions in very aged hearts are feeble. They burst slowly into life, manifest themselves weakly, and pass away quietly, whether awakened by joy or sorrow. So Martha Leslie listened, now with a tear, now with a smile, to her brother's relation of his adventures. He had returned to England a wealthy man, and expressed his resolution of adopting Patty, of taking a large house in the vicinity of the village, and having his sister as housekeeper.

All these arrangements were very quietly effected. Patty, though very grateful to her uncle for his kindness, was the least overjoyed, since she could not bear the idea of exchanging her happy village life for one passed in grandeur at the manor-house. All her expeditions to the woods must be given up, the dance on the green, the companionship of her friends, and, above all, her walks with Arthur Leslie.

"Him I won't give up," she mentally protested, "until he gives me up."

The very morning on which this prudent resolve was come to, Martha Leslie summoned her niece into her room, and with a very grave face bade her sit down, for she had something to say to her.

Patty did as she was desired, and prepared to listen with a very demure countenance.

"You know, my dear," said her aunt, taking off her spectacles, and wiping them with the corner of her apron, "that a change in circumstances makes a change in everything."

The old lady paused, awaiting a reply; but as her niece made none, and only looked on the floor and pouted a little, she continued:

"Now what I mean to say is this—Mr. Arthur Melville I am going to speak of, my dear."

"Yes, aunt."

"Well, he is a very nice young man, a very respectable young man, and in fact, I may say, a very good young man."

"Yes, aunt."

"I always thought he was," said Miss Leslie.

"Yes, aunt, and so did I."

"I am happy to hear you say *did*, my dear, for I was going to say that it would be much better for you not to give him any sort of encouragement now, under present circumstances. Don't you think so?"

"No, aunt."

"Why, my dear? I shall think you are mad."

"Why, aunt?"

"If you don't agree to what I say. But you must not listen to me with that smile, because I don't like it at all. I only encouraged Mr. Melville's attentions while you were poor, when I thought he would make a good match, and make you respectable, that hadn't a friend. Now it's quite a different thing. And I say, miss, that neither I nor your uncle will ever hear of him any more. I am sure I don't know *what* he would think of me for encouraging you."

"So, aunt," said Patty, looking really serious, "now, because I am richer than Mr. Melville, I am to give him up?"

"Yes, Patty."

"Well, I only know that I am my own mistress so far, that I won't marry anyone else."

"Oh, that's all very fine *now*; only wait till a tall rich gentleman comes and asks you."

"Aunt, you are very unkind indeed; but," she continued, "I know no one can force me to give him up."

"Go away, Patty, you are an ungrateful girl; go, and don't let me see you again all day."

"Thank you, aunt," said Patty to herself, as she hastened to obey her injunctions, and put on her bonnet. One minute carried her to the bottom of the garden; in another, she crossed the little paddock beyond; and a few moments more, and she was in the wood, roving by his side whom they had forbidden her to see.

A few days passed thus, and opposition only seemed to make a person, endowed with a character like Patty's more determined, when one morning her uncle joined her in the garden, and, after a few questions concerning the progress of her flowers, abruptly asked her:

"Should you not like to be married, my dear?"

"I, uncle? I?—oh, amazingly," and she burst into a merry laugh, "if you let me choose for myself."

"Oh, yes, my dear, you shall choose for yourself."

"May I, uncle? Indeed you mean it?"

"Yes."

"Then *I will*," and she laughed again.

"So you shall. Now make yourself as pretty as you can in the next few days, and we shall see."

And the uncle looked particularly knowing as he spoke.

The village was soon thrown into another fit of excitement by the following remarkable occurrence. About a week after the date of the above conversation, a gentleman on horseback, with a travelling portmanteau behind him, arrived at the inn precisely at ten o'clock in the morning, and inquired the way to the great manor-house. He was tall, thin, and gaunt, and seemed about fifty years of age. His question answered, he passed on. Half an hour afterwards, another gentleman, with only one leg and a half, rode up and inquired the way. This was quite sufficient to arouse curiosity in so small a place, where everybody's minutest actions are scrutinised, and where everybody knows everybody. But tenfold was that curiosity increased when another gentleman, considerably disfigured by the remains of scars and wounds, and boasting some fifty summers, arrived, covered with dust, and also requested to be shown the way to the great manor-house.

At that place a scene of the greatest ceremony was being performed. These three gentlemen were friends of Mr. Leslie's, whom he had selected as likely to make one of them a suitable husband for his wealthy niece. And on the morning of their expected arrival, to pass some time on a visit to Mr. Leslie, Miss Leslie, superbly attired, and looking as stiff as a walking stick, sat in the drawing room with Patty at her side, very simply dressed, waiting to receive the expected guests.

"Don't laugh, my dear, in that very ridiculous manner," said Patty's aunt.

"Oh, let her laugh, by all means."

"But, brother, supposing they should come?"

"Well, they will like her all the better for that."

Just at this moment the first visitor made his appearance, and by the time his welcome had been given, and a few reminiscences had been gone over between Mr. Leslie and Mr. Burford, the new comer, Mr. Scalding, the second suitor, was ushered in. Last came Major Gunner. The whole party having assembled, and all introductions over, Mr. Leslie's proposal to the gentlemen of a walk round the grounds being accepted, afforded Patty an opportunity for giving vent to her laughter.

"My dear, you quite vex me with your rude behaviour."

"Oh, aunt, I cannot help it; indeed, I cannot," and she laughed again. "Oh!

oh! one of these three! What delightful men! I must be Mrs. Burford, Mrs. Scolding, or Mrs. Major Gunner."

"Very nice names, and I am sure the Major is a particularly nice young man!"

"I shall certainly choose the Major, for the sake of his title, most certainly—oh, yes—he really is a most charming young man."

"I am glad you like him," answered her aunt.

Patty, before the day was over, took an opportunity of relating to Arthur the events of the morning, and giving him a description of the three suitors.

"You will not be tempted to forget me, for the sake of the Major, will you, Patty?" said Arthur.

"I will, if you ask me anything half so ridiculous," said Patty, with a toss of the head.

"And your fortune? Shall you not regret it," continued Arthur, who happened to be in one of those moods so common with some people—a teasing mood, "when you are the poor lawyer's wife?"

"Yes I shall. That is the answer you deserve, and none other you shall have. I must go now and dress for dinner, and make myself charming for the Major—so good bye."

And without waiting one instant, off she ran, leaving her lover half pleased, half displeased, at her behaviour.

A fortnight had slid rapidly away, and no one could detect to whom pretty Patty afforded the preference. She behaved with equal complacency to all three. If she bestowed a smile on one, she was sure to pass it on to the others too, so that her uncle and aunt, as well as the unhappy gentlemen, began to despair. Mr. Leslie at length spoke to her upon the subject, and desired that either to her aunt or to himself, she would intimate her preference.

"Well, uncle, I tell you what I will do. I will go into the garden after dinner, and if you will send them all one after the other out to me, I will give a rose to the one whom I think I prefer; and this will," continued she, casting her eyes upon the ground very modestly, "be, I think, a very good plan."

"Yes, my dear," said her uncle, patting her on the head; "I will do as you wish."

The dinner passed. Patty's eyes looked brighter than ever, as they always did when she was meditating mischief, and at length she disappeared from the table, and went into the garden. She had not waited long before the Major sauntered out, and, with a happy smile, advanced to meet her. They all three liked the young lady extremely, but they liked her fortune far better.

After a few minutes passed in chit-chat,

Patty plucked a half-blown rose, and exclaimed, "Sir Major, look at this beautiful flower. Will you have it? But I dare say you would not prize it, if I gave it to you?"

"Prize it!—I would keep it for ever—"

"And a day! I suppose: but will you wear it this evening?"

"If it will please you."

"Yes, it will. By the way, have you seen the cascade at the end of the walk leading through the shrubbery?"

"No; will you show it to me?"

"Oh, there's no occasion to show you; if you walk straight on you will be sure to find it. I will come to you shortly. Now go, or I shall take back the flower—I assure you it is well worth seeing."

The innocent Major most obediently marched off, thinking this a most delightful method, on the part of the young lady, for making an assignation. Mr. Burford now came out, and slowly strode down the gravel path towards Patty, who was engaged in admiring a rose which she had just picked.

"Just in time, Mr. Burford, I know you are fond of flowers, and here is one for you."

"Very pretty," said Mr. Burford, "like you."

"Thank you, Mr. Burford. Are you fond of scenery—landscapes, and all that sort of thing?"

"Very."

"Oh, then, will you just walk down after the Major; he has gone, on my recommendation, to see the cascade. I am going there soon—I know you will like it."

Without another word Mr. Burford followed her directions, and placing the rose in his button-hole, as his rival had done before him, walked away.

Last came Mr. Scolding, bowing, smiling, and laughing towards pretty Patty, as she walked, apparently unheeding, to and fro.

"Ah, Miss Patty, always amongst the flowers—sympathy I suppose—like they say sweets to the sweet; eh, Miss Patty?"

"What did you say, sir?" inquired Patty.

But it was too much of her to expect that Mr. Scolding, the hero of the cork leg, was going to repeat his speech.

"May I ask for a flower from that bouquet in your hand?"

"Oh, by all means—here is a rose."

"The emblem of love," said he, fixing it in his button-hole, quite proud of his acquisition.

"I hope it may prove so. Have you seen the cascade? Your two friends have gone there—won't you go?"

"If you will go with me!"

This was a consummation which Patty by

no means desired, but she obeyed with a good grace, in order not to excite suspicion. When she had reached the end of the walk, she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! pray go on; I forgot something." And away she bounded back, and slipping by another path to the wood, sought refuge in the society of Arthur from the rage of her aunt, the mortification of her rivals, and the ill-temper of her uncle.

Arthur could not help laughing as heartily as Patty herself at the mischievous trick she had played.

"I shall hear of this in the morning," said she; "but I don't care."

The morning came, and with it a summons to the library. Patty knew this meant a lecture, so taking her pocket handkerchief with her, she obeyed the call, fully prepared to use it to hide her laugh or her tears, as the occasion might require. Mr. Leslie looked stern, and bade her sit down, with a very serious countenance, while he proceeded to explain to her that both he and her aunt were extremely angry with her, and had come to the determination of making her choose that very morning which of the three gentlemen she would have for husband.

After a few minutes' pause, occupied by Patty in stifling a laugh, and getting up a sob, she replied:

"If I *must* have either, sir, why I—I like the Major best."

"That's a good girl; I admire your choice. Kiss me—why you can cry and laugh with equal facility. I am so happy; the marriage shall take place immediately."

"Uncle!"

"Yes, my dear; I'll go and tell your aunt."

The marriage was determined on. The happy Major was happier every day, while the others submitted with a good grace to what could not be avoided. A splendid trousseau was provided, with which Patty expressed herself much delighted; and the morning of the wedding-day was ushered in by a bright blue sky and glorious sunshine. The bride was dressed, and the assembled guests were waiting her appearance in the drawing-room. But the patience of all was at length exhausted, and Miss Leslie was despatched in search of the young lady. No bride, however, was to be seen. All was consternation. Where could she have concealed herself? Her uncle immediately conceived that it was some harmless frolic on her part, and bade them have patience. But at length it became evident that no bride was forthcoming; and Susan, the housemaid, rushed in with the intelligence that Fanny, the lady's-maid, had also disappeared, and that Tom, the gardener, had come from

the village with the intelligence that a post-chaise had been seen whirling rapidly along the high road. Pursuit was resolved on instantly; but ere the party could sufficiently collect their scattered senses, the fugitives were far on their way, and were actually married by license at the next town before Patty's enraged uncle came up with her.

Matters being thus brought to a crisis, Mr. Leslie thought the most prudent plan was to forget and forgive; and after a little scene of crying and kissing, the bride and bridegroom returned to eat the wedding feast prepared for the gallant Major and pretty Patty.

People of Character.

BY JOHN HERAUD.

The importance of a good character is one of those practical truths which are generally acknowledged. But there is still something more important—to have a character, at all events. "Most women," said Pope, with a sneer, "have no characters at all;" and men of whom the same can be alleged, are usually condemned for effeminacy. The world requires decision of character from those who are candidates for its favour. Like the fair, it countenances the brave. The world has a reason for it; notwithstanding it looks itself so strong and bold, it needs protection. The world, large as it is, is fragile. It is held together by the rottenest ligaments. It is a bundle in which every unit has a separate self-interest at war with its neighbour. It threatens to fall asunder every moment. Nothing keeps it together but an affected ignorance on the part of its members of this lamentable fact. The great thing, then, is to preserve appearances; and thus it is that the world prefers those who can put the best face on the matter, and lend it the character that itself wants.

There is another reason for the world treating with respect people of decided character. It is afraid of them. It dreads lest some day they may tear off the mask, and expose its hideous deformity—to itself! The possible discovery of a falsehood is a thing to stand in awe of—the world would avoid detection. It therefore finesses and conciliates the man or woman of determination, whose straightforward behaviour threatens an *eclaircissement* that might be

unpleasant. Who would have such emptiness published abroad, as want of character implies? It involves the worst of bankruptcies—the barest of insolvencies. It is nothing less than beggary and destitution.

Yet, after all, the world has a character—but it is one which your true man of the world is anxious to get rid of—it is a bad character. This, too, is one reason why it likes people of decision—it would be judged of by the company it keeps. This is the motive that ALGERNON has for inviting men of letters to his table. He himself has no taste for literature; he has, in his own, nurtured a merely agricultural mind, that has lived on the fat of the land, and become as obese as his body. It carries weight, and is not without native force; but it has grown too unctuous, too ripe, and become too tender, through self-indulgence, to sustain resistance or exert reaction. But he has heard lately much of the influence of literature and of the power of knowledge; and how that the class to which he himself belongs has been reputed to be stupidly indifferent to their productions and professors. Of this reproach he would fain get rid; and, accordingly, on certain formal occasions, condemns himself to listen to conversation which he cannot understand, and of which he retains no impression. In this way he supposes that he proves himself to be a glorious exception to his order, and surely laying the foundation of an honourable distinction. But the sin of his class nevertheless adheres to Algernon; he is ignorant and cannot be instructed. The reputation which he would fain derive from his literary dinner parties, he seeks to employ against those very interests which all letters, and science, and history, have demonstrated to be for the welfare of man, and the promotion of human intelligence—interests which are identified with those of learning and philosophy. In his heart, Algernon despises equally both literature and commerce; wise in his secret scorn alike of both, since both alike are essential to free states, and in most, such for instance as Florence, have flourished or perished together. But in England, as in France, literature has become an acknowledged power, and Algernon would willingly employ it as an agent against the long-continued and growing interest of trade, which he has been insensibly taught to

consider as the natural foe of landed possession. Literature, he has been told, is an advocate, which, for a fee, may be purchased to fight the battle of either side. Infatuation! for, in all cases, the victory is ultimately awarded to truth and justice—and, albeit, the *littérateur* may sometimes be bribed into partizanship, the instrument he wields has a charmed operation, and even when describing an eccentric orbit, moves in harmony with universal laws, and can only conduct to a preordained conclusion. Herein is manifested a purpose in literature, and this character, reflected on its possessors, makes them respectable (though it would be hard for such persons to say why), in the eyes of its would-be and self-interested patrons—the dull Algernons of the age.

But Algernon is but, after all, the type of the world. Like him, the world is well to do, has grown rank on corruption, and is misguided by the absurdest prejudices. The world has at length been told that this with it is most certainly the case. It now, accordingly, affects to patronise literature, and has it of all kinds, cheap and dear, plain and embellished; literature suited for all classes of society, all degrees of intellect, superficial or profound. Well and good! But the world expects to be flattered in return—to be spoken well of—to have its errors quoted as truths—and its authority referred to as supreme. Woe, however, to the literature of the day if it condescends to this! The books which have survived the period of their production, and earned a permanent reputation for their authors, have been those which have fearlessly exposed and opposed the wrong and the evil of the times they illustrated. Here it is that decision of character is most required—on the literature that would live, it must be most unequivocally stamped. Let the literary man look to it.

But if this consideration be so important in relation to literature in general, it becomes more so, touching that species of literature which, whether owing to its cheapness or other causes, is intended for the largest possible circulation. Here it is indispensable that the literary man should speak out—he must appeal to the purest oracles, and accurately deliver their responses—he must not listen to “the equivocation of the friend that lies like

truth," but to that popular voice, which is not of the world, but of heaven. What then is the world which we stated to bear so bad or indifferent a character? Does it not include the millions, who now, periodically, seek intellectual nutriment, as daily bread? Oh, no! The world we have described is pampered and overfed: the knowledge-seeking millions are hard-worked and ill-subsisted. Moreover, it names itself—every unit of which it is composed, says, "We are the world;" and in recognising a fellow unit, roundly asserts, "He is one of Us." The millions of whom we speak have no natural tendency to acknowledge any such corporate bond; hardly have they been taught the utility of co-operation—each man has stood apart from his brother man; and all have so little understood the true principles of combination, that when they have practically attempted the thing, they have made the most fatal mistakes. It is now the highest task of literature to instruct the multitude of the labouring and middle-classes how to associate safely and beneficially, that the world, in its highest places, may be triumphantly antagonised, and yet none of the real interests of the community disturbed. The appropriation of the term "world," by the parties alluded to, is equivalent indeed to the assertion, that "the world, in its largest sense, was made for them;" the assertion of the right of union by us who labour with head and hands, is no less than the declaration of our belief, that "it was made for us, also,"—that "nature's table is not yet full," and that we should, and may, have a seat at her banquet. We will, therefore, no longer permit "the world" to comprise within itself an exclusive circle. There are "livers beyond its limits"—these must and shall be regarded. Nor will that jealous and narrow circle be at all thereby injured; but contrariwise (to use a Gospel expression), benefited. By throwing down the barriers in which they have entrenched themselves, they will admit new experiences, with the means of adding to their own wealth—and acquire such an improved and sagacious power of distribution as shall inevitably bless him who gives as well as him who takes, and unite all classes of the community in the charitable bonds of a common fellowship. Not long ago, and such prospects were pro-

nounced, not unjustly, Utopian—they are now the ordinary topics of discourse with the learned and the prudent. Let not, therefore, the literary man hesitate, but bravely rise to the due sense of his privileges and the purpose of his mission. In every way, he should look upon himself as a person of character, and take a decided part in the cause of progress, as the great present demand of man and of society. Let him, in this, be even in advance of his age—the prophet of the popular tendency, and not its mere servile follower. Thus shall he best rise to individual dignity, and most effectually serve his fellow-creatures. There is noble work for him now to execute—more noble than at any other period of the world; "whatsoever," therein, "his hands may find to do, let him do it with all his might."

THE LAMENT OF ANDROMACHE

OVER THE

DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

Do I hold thee, husband mine,
Only stay of Troy divine?
Do thy comely temples rest
Once again upon my breast?

Wherefore droops thy glorious head—
Can it be that thou art dead?
Will the cases never rise
From thy spirit-glancing eyes?
Hector, Hector, look at me;
Look at thy Andromache!

When, amid his burning town,
Reft of kingdom and of crown
By the ruthless Aecide,*
Eëlion, my father, died;

When the same relentless foe
Laid my seven brothers low,
When Artemis' relentless dart
Pierced my sorrowing mother's heart,
Hector, all still lived in thee,
For thine own Andromache!

Sweetly on the murmuring deep
The rippled silver moonbeams sleep,
When clouds wrap in the moon's pale light,
Where is then the semblance bright?

As the richly clustered vine
With graceful weakness does entwine

* Achilles, grandson of Aracus.

Round the elm-tree's knotted roots,
And rugged bark her slender shoots,
Hector, Hector, so to thee
Clung thy poor Andromache!

As the mountain's massive shade
Shelters in the quiet glade;
As the genial dew that yields
Moisture to the thriving fields.

Can the semblance still be bright,
When is quenched the parent light?
Can the vine without her stay
Her juicy clusters display?
Hector, Hector, without thee,
What is lone Andromache?

With thee has ceased the city's trust;
With thee are trampled in the dust
The hope and strength of god-built Troy;*
With thee, the promise of our boy.

My full heart bounded, when the crowd
Hailed his birth with clamours loud;
When they named him "city-king,"†
Till all Ida's glens did ring,
Hector, Hector, 'twas for thee
That they blessed Andromache!

Now, ah me! most wretched now!
In vain I kiss this clammy brow;
When Jove decreed to quench their light,
Would he had drowned my eyes in night!

Can it be that this cold clay
Was once my husband—Ilium's stay?
Is this the gallant and the good,
Whose single arm the foe withstood?
Hector, Hector, woe is me,
Widowed, lone Andromache!

Still beyond this passing state,
In commune with the good and great,
In holy fields that never fade,
Dwells my matchless warrior's shade.

Though no more thy stalwart arm
Shall fold me in embraces warm;
Though no more thy heart shall beat
'Gainst my own in concert sweet;
Hector, Hector, there with thee
May wander thy Andromache!

ACLETOS.

* "God-built." The legend tells that Laomedon, king of Troy, secured the services of Apollo and Neptune for the building of his walls.

† *Asu-anasc*, "city-king," a name bestowed on Scamandrius, the young son of Hector, by the people of Troy.—*Iliad* vi.

The Eagle's Nest;

OR,

THE LONE STAR OF THE WEST.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.*

CHAPTER XIX.

A SORTIE.

It was somewhat late ere the garrison, on the morning after the evasion of Blackhawk, was on foot, and as the young sailor happened to be one of those who overslept himself, he found that he, Alice, and Margarita, had to breakfast alone, the rest being already scattered around the walls on the look out. Alice was pale, while her eyes showed signs either of much weeping or a long and sleepless vigil. Blake, who for many reasons now watched Alice with more attention than he had previously bestowed upon her, remarked the circumstance, nor could he keep what he saw a secret.

"You seem unwell," he said, with much tenderness.

Margarita looked fixedly at him, while her colour came and went. Alice without noticing this smiled languidly.

"This unhappy state of things presses on my spirits, truly; I was not formed for war and bloodshed."

"No," interfered the Mexican, "but this bold bad man they have taken, will not his death put an end to this struggle?"

"They will not take his life," replied Alice, sadly, "they dare not, and they cannot."

"Why?" asked Edward, curiously.

"He is far beyond their reach, Mr. Brown. I told him, Mr. Stevens—that is, my father, it must not be, and in the night I opened his prison door."

"You have acted more boldly than wisely, I think Miss—Miss Alice," said Blake, "but why such interest, may I ask, in this robber ruffian?"

"I take little interest, Mr. Brown, in the bandit. He deserves death, I fear, but not at their hands. But excuse me, if I am not confidential. I own I have other reasons—they will be spoken, they must, but not yet."

A loud cry from without now caused the trio to rise from table.

* Continued from page 254.

"Catankerously cleared out, I snore." cried above all the voice of Big Griddle. "A riglar coon, I conceive. Sloped like a Kentucky John—behind a pretty considerable slick set of keepers, he had, I expect, play'd 'em possum, and no mistake. Never waited for papers, I'll be bound, but cleared out like a corsair, I calculate, and no mistake. Warnt there be doin's down in the lower parts. I pity the pigs, I do. Ha! ha! roast pork, i' the wind by the Lord."

"Treason," squeaked the shrill tones of Jones, "treachery. Find it out, and hang the traitor. No mercy, I say, no mercy."

The whole party was standing round the open door of the robber's prison. On the threshold was Stevens, his eyes flashing with passion, his face colourless, his thin lips quivering with emotion. His hand clutched his gun, and he was wrapped in thought; the thought, however, more black than words.

"Gone!" he said, without paying attention to the exclamations of Jones, whose look of disappointed malice, mingled with fear and trembling, was pitiable.

Before this man Alice paused, and turning to him with a firm but stern and menacing brow, she touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Well," he said.

"Would you hang me as well as kill my —?"

"Hush, in the name of God," cried Jones, reeling and nearly falling, "who would hang you?"

"I gave freedom to Harry Markham, and I therefore am the traitor."

"You, girl?" cried Stevens, on whom Blake fixed his eye with warning.

"Well, I am steel-trapped, chawed up, and arn't a leg to stand on," said Big Griddle, "if you arnt the very spirit of Mrs. G. by —. If I only wanted pig for breakfast, I had it for supper. It's jist the way of the gals. You'd have made a corpse of Blackhawk, darn his skin, and the gal saved his bacon. Ha! ha! good idea that. Ha! ha! jist kick me, or I'm bound to bust a larfin. Its pokin' fun and no mistake."

"Well," said Stevens, who had caught the expression of Blake's eye, "perhaps 'tis all for the better. This man's blood at all events will not be on our hands."

"So ho there," cried a look out from the summit of the block.

"What news?" replied Stevens.

"Ingins," continued the look out.

The whole party sprang towards the terrace, which overlooked the prairie, and there, on the edge of the forest, in rich panoply of war paint, and mounted on their small but sturdy nags, came a hundred warriors of the Comanche tribe, and Chinchea in advance, guiding their steps. Their spear heads flashed in the morning sun, their gay plumes waved, and tinkling rang the little bells that hung everywhere on their cumbrous harness, as they galloped forward in all their savage bravery.

"Give them welcome," shouted Stevens; "quick to the block, and up with the red flag of England; and you, Jones, hoist out the white here. Make haste. Open the gates, lower the bridge. Now, then, blaze away, my hearties, and try your lungs."

A rattle of musketry and culverins followed, with a hearty shout that re-echoed again and again from the dark and gloomy forest.

The savages halted in some astonishment, and then comprehending through Chinchea the meaning of all, dispersed, and came galloping with many a halloo and many a yell towards the fort, within a hundred feet of which they halted, a few chiefs detaching themselves, and making with Chinchea for the gate.

The whole garrison received their welcome deliverers with alacrity, and every form of Indian etiquette being observed, they were ushered into the principal room, and a feast laid before them, while a small barrel of whiskey was sent out to be distributed among the many.

The greeting between Blake and Chinchea was sincere and hearty. They sat together at the board; and after some ordinary discourse, the Indian drew his white friend aside, and related his many adventures on the road towards the camp of his friends.

"And what has happened to my white brother?" said Chinchea, when, having concluded, this conversable Indian had listened to his friend's remarks.

"Many things, Chinchea; more than I can tell you now. But I shall want soon the advice and counsel of a brave."

"Chinchea is ready," said the Indian, naively. He knew his own virtues, and thought of them with pride, without any of the false shame so often affected in the

world. If our virtues or vices be worth anything, or if we be not mere animals of the earth, the class which eats, and lives, and drinks, and sleeps, and dies, because others have eat and lived, and drank, and slept, and died before them—we know them well. If our virtues predominate—they never wholly prevail—we know it well, and know too the innate feebleness of our souls, though never whisper pass our lips. *Gnothi Seauton* is far oftener obeyed in secret than the world knows of. Discerning reader, are we not right?

"His brother knows it," continued Blake, "and will tell him all when the time comes."

"Good," assented the Indian. "My brother likes not this place. Will he go to the wigwams of his red friend?"

Now Blake knew that Chinchea was finding an excuse to return to the side of his dusky love, and celebrate the wedding so long desired; and certain emotions within himself made him anxious to second his friend's wishes. Nothing makes us more generous to our friends than when serving them is also serving ourselves.

"Chinchea is right. I like not this place. The air to me is close and unwholesome; it smells of the charnel-house," replied Blake, gradually growing excited; "for days doubts and fears have filled my mind; now there is no doubt, and I must stay and find out the secret of innocent blood being foully taken, and most base wrong being done. Chinchea, the secret of my life is here. Providence led my footsteps hither to unmask the evil doer, and its will shall be accomplished."

"Who has taken the scalp of a friend of my white brother," said Chinchea; "the tomahawk of the Comanche shall take his in return."

"No, no! Chinchea, I will not have his life taken. In the hands of those who have right to judge will I place him, if my suspicions prove just. I may want you yet, my friend, and you will not fail when the time comes."

"Let my brother speak, and it is done," said the Indian, calmly; "until then, Chinchea is dumb as the ring-snake. He is not a woman—he can hold his tongue."

"I know it, my good friend, and have no doubt," replied Edward, taking his hand, and pressing it warmly.

Philip Stevens approached.

"Well, Mr. Brown, are you for a sally? We propose scouring the woods in search of the enemy, who will now, doubtless, beat a retreat."

"I am ready at a word," replied Blake.

"The white man is hasty," said Chinchea; "let the scouts move first, and see that the enemy lie not hid in the grass, to fly up and bite like snakes."

"You are quite right, Redskin. Whom will you despatch?"

"None yet. Chinchea will wait until the night is come, and then will go himself."

"You will take a white man with you?"

"Yes, him."

"I am quite agreeable," responded Blake, the person selected; "but let us go at once. Your cavalry can easily pour down to the rescue at the least alarm."

"Good, my white brother is very wise, and Chinchea will go."

The party was now arranged in proper order. The whole body of Indian horse were drawn up close to the Nest, while the whites were dispersed amongst them, leaving Big Griddle, Pietro, and the Mexicans, with the women, to guard the cattle of the outlaw. The next requisite was for the two spies to gain the wood where it was entered by the stream, without being detected by any of those who might be watching their movements from the edge of the forest.

Chinchea at once devised a plan, and having given full directions to Blake, proceeded to put it into execution. Selecting a dozen of the very fleetest horsemen, and those most gaily caparisoned, he and Blake, having stripped themselves of every unnecessary article of clothing, mounted behind two, and standing in the rear of the troop, so placed themselves as to be unseen. These men, properly instructed, then swept madly down the slope, taking various directions, and skirted the wood as if in search of enemies. The two who bore the burthen of the outlyers, constantly darted in and out of the thick brushwood, as if suspecting proximity to those they sought, but presently the whole gang, at a given signal, darted back and rejoined their companions.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ONSLAUGHT.

On an old log, covered with Spanish moss, and thickly studded at bottom with fungi, and in a spot surrounded with thick brush and tall waving trees, close to the shallow waters of the running stream, sat Chinchea and Blake, about five minutes after the departure of those who had safely deposited them at the point selected by the keen eye of the war chief. Slowly at their feet, rippling in the still sunshine over its golden-coloured sandy bed, and bearing by light loads of dead leaves and grass, flowed the stream. Warbling birds were heard on every side, while the hot sun suffused the atmosphere with burning light, that of itself made buzzing sound in the ears. All else was dead. Not a voice broke the calm of that spot.

"This serene and grassy spot, my brother," said Blake, "would make me fain think that the pirates have fled, and that we shall no more be troubled."

"The bad man hides when braves are near, but he comes back with droves, like the wild horses of the prairie. Blackhawk is not gone."

"Have you any proof of this, or is it a mere conjecture?"

"My brother will see; but it is time to move."

Making a sign to Edward to follow him, he entered the stream, whose pellucid waters, however, but slowly hid the trail as they swept over their footsteps in the sand. In this way they advanced some hundred yards, when Chinchea halted.

"Hugh," he said, "good! They are found!"

Edward followed the direction of his finger, and saw a canoe drawn up on the shore, the paddles of which were yet wet with their recent work. The chief, after cautiously eyeing the whole of the surrounding brush, approached and examined it with attention. In an instant the flashing of his quick eye, the dilation of the nostril, and the calm air of satisfaction, proved that he had made an important discovery.

"What is it?" said Blake.

"Blackfeet," said Chinchea, "the squaws of the hills have joined the white thieves. A foot comes; we must hide."

Quick as thought the two friends disappeared behind a bush, just in time to avoid being seen by three Indians, who were just returning with a fat buck on their shoulders to the boat, which had been their former means of transit. Two were full grown warriors, the third a lad of some twelve years. Ere the Blackfeet could throw down their load, their enemies were upon them, cutlass and tomahawk in hand, to avoid the discharge of firearms; and taken by surprise, the struggle lasted not a minute. The warriors fell lifeless, the lad was a prisoner.

"We will eat of the venison," said Chinchea, entering the canoe, "in the camp of the enemy. They cannot be far off."

The chief stood up in the stern of the frail boat, while Blake and the youth propelled it forward. The warrior's eye was fixed on every point. Roving from side to side, it pierced through trees and bushes, and close indeed must have been the ambuscade which escaped his keen observation. No discovery, however, for some time rewarded his diligence, and at length entering a small but deep basin, where the water lay in a natural cavity of rock, with a small island in the midst, they halted.

"My brother will stay here until night," said the Indian; "we shall then find the enemy. We will burrow like prairie owls."

The island was a mere tufted stone of large dimensions, on which a little stray earth had served to support a few thick bushes, which sufficiently served the purpose of concealment. Several huge pieces of rock, piled up in rough confusion, made on one side a kind of rampart, and an inlet of some few feet in width, between these and the main stone, served to draw the boat out of sight. Blake remained in the canoe, as sentinel over the lad, whose arms, as a further precaution, were bound behind him, in case an attack, when attention might be drawn off.

About an hour before sunset, a trampling sound was heard below the diminutive lake, proclaiming the presence of both horse and foot. Blake and his Indian friend raised their heads. In an instant they saw how fatal had been their selection of a place of concealment. The enemy they sought were about to camp within twenty yards of their position. On one side of the stream came a dusky column of red

skin warriors in the hideous and even horrible war costume which peculiarly distinguished the treacherous Blackfeet; on the other (for they could not trust themselves together) came the motley gang of Black hawk's.

"It's all over with us this time, Chinchea," said Blake, sinking beside his friend into the canoe.

"We will escape," replied Chinchea, calmly. "The Blackfeet are squaws, they will smell a warrior, and think it but the resin from the pine trees."

Having looked carefully to their arms, and threatened their captive with instant death should he betray their presence, not a word was spoken until nightfall.

The sun went down to rest amidst an unearthly stillness; there was not a breath of wind; the very air seemed influenced; the sky was veiled by a milky whiteness that seemed to reflect the heat; and though there were no clouds, so thick was the haze not a star shone in the limpid waters of the rocky basin; the forest trees were motionless, as if they had been painted on the hanging curtains of the night. Their summits moved not, not even beneath the weight of chanting birds; even the natural motion faintly distinguished on ordinary occasions without wind, was not to be seen. The long moonlight shadows fell damp upon the earth, and upon the waters, while far off rose in a straight column the smoke of the Eagle's Nest.

The effect upon Blake was painful; he seemed to live amid fire; the glare of noontide heat was upon him, though the sun had long been down.

"We shall have a heavy storm, Chinchea," he said.

"Thunder," was the calm reply.

A splash in the water made them both start. Their captive had, while they had been examining the signs of the night, though bound, rolled himself out of the canoe, and was making for the shore. The Indian, with a stern brow, at once seized his rifle, and prepared for the deadly struggle which he knew must now ensue; Blake did the same. A sudden idea seemed to strike the Indian, for seizing his tomahawk he drew the bark canoe on the rock, and, to the great astonishment of his companion, began hacking it to pieces. Placing them where a blaze of light would not fall upon them, and betray their exact

position, Chinchea added some dry bushes and the paddles broken into bits. Beneath all he placed a little loose powder, and dry moss torn from the rock, as well as a small piece of paper, which Blake had round a supply of food banded him by Alice.

Scarcely had these preparations concluded, when a sudden bustle in the two camps proclaimed that the news was spreading. Voices were heard distinctly, in the deep and sombre silence, and lying low upon the rock, the two friends saw dense masses collecting on the nearest shore. This was about eighty yards away, while the other was two hundred, and too deep to permit the chance of the enemy wading.

"My white brother will shoot after me," said Chinchea, quietly, "then the Indian will load. Watch the water, they will swim if they dare."

"I will," replied Edward, who could not forbear a bitter smile at the idea of combatting two hundred men.

But the Indian himself was not more determined. At this instant a very low and irregular sound came from the opposite shore. Chinchea started, and raising himself gave as lowly the well-known growl of the Panther. Four dark figures at once plunged into the water, while the Indian, quietly turning the other way, discharged his rifle at the crowd who stood in council on the strand. A shrill cry and a dozen balls flying over their heads showed that the shot had told, and several, pushing out a canoe, made furiously towards the rock. The night was clear enough to distinguish ten men in this boat, and the lad who had betrayed them standing up.

"Shoot one of the rowers," said Chinchea, quietly, "and then load."

Edward Blake acted as directed, and the canoe, the oarsman being wounded, whirled half round.

Ere they could again start fair, the four dark figures stood in the narrow gap beside the Indian and Blake. It was Smith, Captain Doyle, and two Comanche warriors, who having left the Eagle's Nest at nightfall, had penetrated to the enemy's camp, and overheard the discovery of the fugitives, whom they immediately determined on joining. This reinforcement gave renewed courage, and Chinchea resolved on availing himself to the full of the advantage thus gained.

Every gun was levelled at the boat; but

ere they were discharged, the Comanche fired the train leading to the fire-beacon, and then the united volley was poured upon the canoe. Petrified at the unexpected force on the rock, and the greater part wounded, two being killed, the boat's crew fled, and landed amid furious outcries at the deceit which they accused the lad of having put upon them. It was in vain that he protested having told the truth; he was not credited, and killed by his revengeful countrymen after lingering tortures.

Meanwhile the bark fire sparkled high, and the blaze, unimpeded by the wind, rose curling and wreathing, as if about to follow the upward flying smoke, and the little band knew it must be seen at the Eagle's Nest. To distract, therefore, the attention of their enemies, they kept up a constant and running fire of three, which was answered as steadily, the artillery of heaven soon joining in the action. In the far off—and on the prairies, the thunder storm howls at a tremendous distance—they could hear the rumbling of the thunder, and see the flashing of the lightning. But more immediately the besieged noticed the storm around them.

After a short conference, the besiegers divided themselves into six columns, and seeking various spots where there were fords, they entered, and advanced steadily, in all cases headed by white men. Stern and steady was the fire of the little band, as they crouched upon the sand back to back, and side to side; not a word was spoken; nothing was heard but the pouring of powder into their guns, the driving home the ball, the click of the cock, and then the belching forth of the fire flame, pregnant with death. They were all calm, though their fate seemed sealed, and awaited the approach of their enemies in a sullen silence. But they came slowly. Six times they reached the centre of the stream, and six times fell back before the steady and coolly delivered fire of its defenders.

Suddenly this ceased, and a stillness, as of night itself wrapped in shady slumber, wrapped round the huge rocky fragments. Believing the enemy's powder exhausted, on came the whole gang, gaining unopposed the so much wished for goal, in time to catch the figures of the retreating

garrison rising from the watery way by which they had fled.

"Back every man of you," shrieked rather than said Blackhawk, plunging with an almost superhuman leap into the depths of the lake, "back, or ye are dead men."

All obeyed or sought to; but at that instant the match burning nearly at a level with the water, and dependant from a hastily closed up cavity, which had alarmed the outlaw chief, took effect, and the contents of six large horns of powder sent the rock in ten thousand fragments into the air, with a terrific and awful report. Shrieks and yells rose too upon the night, and then all was still as death. Hastily surveying the damage done, it was found that more than twenty men had been killed, while as many more were wounded. Meanwhile the bold knot who had thus terribly punished their enemies, were too far off to make attempt at capture of any avail.

"Stand to your arms, lads," cried Blackhawk, "and round me quick." His gang congregated close.

"Listen and act. In five minutes the Comanche hawks will be on us. Let the Blackfeet bear the brunt, you disperse secretly as if gaining your camp, and meet me at the blasted cedar on Skull Creek."

In another instant the survivors of the robber gang were apparently dissolved into thin air. Not one was to be seen.

Scarcely had this base desertion of their allies been effected, when the thunder roaring above, and with the lightning flashes filling with electric heat the before hot air, until all nature seemed a huge oven, there came bursting, like black riders of demon clouds, the Comanche band upon the devoted Blackfeet. Giving a re-echoing warwhoop, these rallied boldly, and being desperate, they made the storm more horrid still with their loud cries and desperate courage. On pressed the Comanches and white men, all cry for parley from these being answered with insults.

Retreating slowly, the thinned band of Indian warriors reached the edge of the lake, fighting all the way, and leaving many a mark of their redoubtable valour. But the God of battles was against them, and overpowering forces broke every hope of escape. Blake was the first white man to withdraw from what was becoming a

massacre, and his example soon led his countrymen away. But the red-skins had no such feelings; their glory was not so much in victory as in the extermination of their enemies, and not one Blackfoot escaped to tell the tale, save one or two prisoners saved by the interference of the whites. This interference had however an object in view.

CHAPTER XXI.

SKULL CREEK.

By a low and carefully concealed fire sat the gang of Blackhawk, now reduced by desertion and death to twenty men, but the leader was not among them. For hours had they waited his arrival and he came not, until at length they began to fear some misfortune had befallen him. At this none would have grieved, but that they felt the loss of a head. Brute forces, they knew only how to act; to think, to contrive the plan, is a labour for the many—a labour they gladly avail themselves of those who take the labour off their hands. Hence Cæsars, Napoleons, and other scourges of the earth. They who would do good in the world, would do so by making men think and act for themselves; hence the difficulty of their mission. Man is a lazy animal.

Two men alone seemed not to partake of the general feeling of regret which the absence of their captain caused the rest to manifest.

These men, of course, were his trusty and confidential lieutenants, Pedro and Carcassin.

"Caught at last, *ma foi*, I always said his time would come. Poor dear captain, he was so very headstrong," said Carcassin, in a mock grave tone.

"By our lady he was a brave fellow though," replied Pedro, "but somewhat tyrannical."

"Pedro, you are right. Decidedly he was tyrannical; we must elect a chief who will be more indulgent."

"One born in a warmer clime," said Pedro, proudly, "and who has commanded men of honour in his time."

"Pshaw. One who has learned by experience and study how to rule men."

"One would fancy you still in your cassock," said Pedro, sneeringly.

"Do you mean to deny my right to take

the lead, now that Blackhawk is decidedly gone?"

"I do," replied the hot blooded Mexican, "but let this decide."

Drawing his knife, the outlaw sprang to his feet.

"Done," said Carcassin.

The whole band, however, interposed, and insisted on the captaincy being decided amicably, while the friends of both appeared pretty equal.

"Let us toss," said Carcassin.

"No," replied Pedro, "let us leap, let us shoot."

"Bah," said the ex-priest, "let us play at *ecarté*."

"Done."

"Done."

"How?"

"Three in five wins."

"Agreed."

"Produce the cards," continued Carcassin; "you, lads, keep counts."

"Cut for deal," exclaimed Pedro.

"Mine," said Carcassin, and Carcassin, turned up the king.

"Two to one on Carcassin," exclaimed an old robber who leaned over with anxious eye. Gambling had made him what he was.

"I take you," said Pedro. "Dollars of course."

"What do you do, *mon ami*?" asked Carcassin.

"I propose," replied the Mexican in a vexed tone.

"How many?"

"Five, and curse them," continued Pedro.

This time Carcassin counted ten. The next hand he won the game. Pedro counted not one. The robbers all betted on Carcassin. Pedro took them.

"Now then," he said.

It was Carcassin's deal.

"I propose," said the French robber, with a disappointed look.

"Play," replied Pedro, with a merry laugh.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Carcassin, "you are in luck."

Pedro won this game.

"Equal. How about your bets?" laughed the Mexican.

Again they played, and this time the run of luck changed again. Carcassin was one a-head.

"Will you bet again?" said the old gambler.

"Two and two," said Carcassin.

"King," replied Pedro.

"The game," answered Carcassin, moodily.

"Equal," continued the other. "Now for the conqueror."

"Mordi! you are right. The conqueror."

"Save yourself that trouble," laughed Pedro.

Despite his apparent light-heartedness the Mexican was pale with excitement, as was his companion, while the whole party of bandits looked on in a dense circle. The game was played on the ground before the little fire, which, slight in its lustre as it was, left all else in obscurity. As they dealt, the cards were laid on one side to separate those which were left from those rejected.

"One point for me," said Carcassin.

"My deal," replied Pedro. "Cut."

The Frenchman cut.

"King," said the Mexican.

But Carcassin made two points: they were equal.

Two more hands were dealt, and each remained with four points.

"This is close; my deal," said Carcassin.

"Who gets the king, wins," said the Mexican in reply.

Carcassin had a nine of spades turned up.

"I propose," exclaimed the Mexican.

"How many?" replied the lieutenant.

"Four."

The Frenchman took four himself.

"Who gets the king, wins," he said.

Neither had it.

"Shall we deal again?"

"Yes."

Again each took four fresh cards.

"This time it is settled," said Carcassin, breathlessly. "You must have the king."

"No."

"Then where is it?"

"Here!" exclaimed Blackhawk, laying it quietly between them.

The gamblers rose to their feet with a look of mingled astonishment and rage.

"Here!" repeated Blackhawk, whose pale face, and stern angry countenance, alarmed the players for his part.

"Long live our captain," cried the robbers with one accord.

"So you were playing for my rank,"

said Blackhawk, solemnly, but clearly moved by some other influence than that which, at first blush, would have been thought to make him angry; "but you were right; you will have to do it one of these days."

"Well, there is one comfort," said Carcassin, with a small short laugh, "it was a very good game."

"Very," replied Pedro.

"It will keep you in practice," laughed Blackhawk.

"But where have you been, captain?" inquired the Frenchman.

"At the Eagle's Nest," replied the bandit, moodily.

"Ha! and have you made a prize," cried Pedro.

"I came as I went—empty-handed," continued Blackhawk; "but come, let us to council. Something must be done. These wild Comanches are raging through the forest for our blood, and are in too great numbers to be defeated. They have slain every man of the Blackfeet."

"Every man! the *sanglant* varmint."

"Santa Maria," cried Pedro, "but they are pagans."

"True, they are not such Christians as us," said Blackhawk, with an involuntary shudder.

The ex-priest laughed, but made no reply, and the bandit council continued.

Next morning not a trace of Blackhawk or his gang was to be seen in or near the Nest.

RESIGNATION.

BY WILLIAM WISE.

Away, thou weak and unavailing tear;
Dare not to call what Heaven decrees severe;
Submit in silence; good from evil springs,
And hope still flutters on affliction's wings.
Come, smiling cherub, to an aching heart;
Divine Religion come, and do thy part;
From sacred pages some sweet promise bring,
To take from keen adversity the sting;
Some drop of Gilead's balm, the mind to cheer;
Some friendly whisper that shall conquer fear.
Begone, my doubts; in Him will I confide
Who feeds the ravens; shall not he provide?
All his large family partake his care,
And shall not we his kind compassion share?
In misery's cup he mingles, could we see,
A thousand mercies; just and wise is he,
And doeth all things well; but erring man
Complains, yet cannot comprehend his plan.

SPRING.

Gone to the regions of the icy north
Is chilling winter, with its dismal train;
Releas'd from thrall, fond nature, budding
forth,

Assumes her gay green livery again:
Light are the clouds, though gently charg'd
with rain;

Warm shines the sun, with life in ev'ry
beam,
Upon the fruitful land, while gush amain
Wide-spreading bounties from earth,
wood, and stream,
Such as the mind oft pictures in a fairy dream.

Gladly thou callest forth to his rude toil
The humble husbandman, content, yet
poor;

Willing he scatters in the friendly soil
The future harvest; then, his labour o'er,
He trusts in heaven alone to crown his
store,

To bid it plenty yield, enrich with sun,
Cherish with dews, and on it blessings pour;
Eager he watches till the harvest won,
Then yielding thanks to God, contented, en-
vies none.

Balmy the breeze that roams the mead afar;
Soft is the breath that wantons in the
vale;

Glad is each brook, where bending willows
are,

Murm'ring aloud its oft-repeated tale;
Sweet are the flowers that bloom o'er hill
and dale,

Wak'd into life by mellow voice of Spring;
Serene the air, and silent each rude gale,
While 'mong the woods the feather'd
songsters sing

Sweet sounding notes of joy, their woodland
offering.

Ever I love to wander verdant fields,

And chase away the gloomy thoughts
that steal;

For calm delight the boundless prospect
yields,

And soft emotion doth my bosom feel;
Here let me rest, and unobserved kneel,
Alone, unseen, and from the world apart,
To that Great Being, that I may reveal

How dear, how cherish'd to a grateful
heart,

The ecstatic feeling such sweet scenes impart.

W. B. A.

Concerning Sir Hubert Asham's
Disbelief in Ghosts;
AND WHAT IT LED TO.*

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

"Is not this something more than fantasy?" *Hamlet*.

CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECT.

It will be necessary, for the perfect de-
velopment of this truthful history, that the
reader now take a backward glance to a
period about seven years antecedent to the
events just narrated—or, in more definite
terms, to the night of October 20th, 1700.

On that night—it was a wild and boiste-
rous one, and the stern old trees in Sir
Hubert's park beat madly against each
other, and sobbed, and moaned, and wail-
ed, like things in mortal anguish—two fi-
gures sat in a large and antique chamber,
talking earnestly. Revealed by the strug-
gling glare of an oil-lamp, and the faint
red glimmer of a wood-fire, which had got
drowsy and settled sullenly down to sleep
in its own white ashes, the room of which
we speak presented an appearance far
more picturesque than cheerful. The
wainscotted walls, which were entirely
composed of highly-polished oak, took the
wavering light upon their surfaces in
ghastly gleams, rendered ten times more
strange and spectral by the heavy breadths
of shadow by which they were surrounded,
and into which, ever and anon, they glided
and were lost. Seen under these circum-
stances, the portraits of grim old warriors
dead and gone, which hung at certain in-
tervals from the wall, took ominous and
fearful aspects; and, standing out in bold
relief from the blackened canvas, seemed
watching what was going on with a dreary
fixedness of expression. At the further
end of the chamber—now buried in
shade—was a large window, deeply sunken
in the stone-work, which, as the wind went
howling by, shook violently in its frame,
as though some living thing outside were
passionately beseeching shelter from the
mournful night.

But the two figures who formed the
only human occupants of the room, and of
whom one was considerably younger than
the other, seemed totally unconscious of
any of these sights and sounds. They
were evidently discussing some matter of
grave importance, on which a great dif-
ference of opinion existed.

"Godfrey," exclaimed the eldest of the
two companions, rising from his seat, and
speaking in a loud and angry tone, "I ask
you once again to sign this paper. You

* Concluded from p. 261.

know that I am demanding nothing but my right. You know that this property belongs to me, in all truth and justice; and that your only claim to it is derived from a mere legal quibble. You know, moreover, that I *will* have it, whether you sign or not."

"Then why force me to sign?" asked the other, in a voice whose calmness singularly contrasted with the passion of the first speaker.

"Out of consideration to you. From no other cause, be assured. Your refusal will draw heavy retribution on your own head; but it will leave me scatheless."

"Hubert," said the second interlocutor, not seeming to remark his companion's last observation, "you speak of the property belonging, in truth and justice, to you. I cannot see how you are to support such an assertion. It is true that the codicil to my father's will expressly leaves the property in question to you; but that codicil has not been duly attested by the two witnesses which, as you well know, the law requires: an omission that leaves in my mind strong doubts as to the authenticity of the signature; more especially—hear me fully out, Hubert, before you speak—more especially when, in the body of the will, the property is bequeathed to me, and I am aware of nothing which could have induced my father to change his intentions."

"It is not for me to assign motives," retorted Sir Hubert, moodily. "The signature cannot reasonably be doubted; and you, as a man of honour, ought not to heed the oversight of omitting the witnesses' names. I hope, Godfrey," he continued, eyeing his brother narrowly, "you are not so sunk in baseness as to insinuate that I have supplied my father's signature?"

"I insinuate nothing," replied the other, "though your question is a strange one. All I mean to say is, that—irrespective of the omission of the witnesses' names—I cannot believe my father would have showered all his wealth on one son, and left the other pennyless."

"As I have said before," rejoined Hubert, "it is not for me to assign motives; or for you either. Perhaps my father was offended with your wild manner of life; or perhaps—But this is idle talking. For the third time I ask you—will you sign this paper, and yield to me my just right?"

"Most emphatically, no."

"Beware of what you say," exclaimed the knight, in a voice almost inaudible with passion. "I will give you five minutes for consideration: if, at the end of that time, you do not recall your words, by the Heaven above us you shall rue it."

"Hubert," said the younger Asham,

starting up in alarm, "why do your lips turn white, and your hands tremble? My God!" he continued, holding up the lamp, "your face is not the same!"

It had changed indeed; and in the tremulous flare of the light looked like some distorted idol. Unable to bear his brother's half-imporing gaze, Sir Hubert turned aside, and strode heavily up and down the room, waking the sullen echoes at each step.

"We had better postpone this conversation till to-morrow, Hubert," said Godfrey, who, knowing his brother's temper, was fearful of the consequences.

"I will have an answer now," exclaimed Hubert, stamping on the ground in the wildness of his passion. "Will you sign the paper, or not?"

"I will not."

Sir Hubert made no reply; but putting his fingers to his lips, gave a shrill whistle. At the same instant, a panel in the wall slid back; and the red glare of torches fell upon a wild group of some half dozen rugged-looking beings, who now came pouring into the room.

"What does all this mean?" inquired Godfrey, looking from face to face in blank amazement.

A ghastly smile went slowly rippling up Sir Hubert's face, and lost itself amidst his black hair, as he replied—"These are sea-faring gentlemen, Godfrey, and they are going to take you out to your plantations in the West Indies. They won't charge you anything for the passage—I've taken care of that."

"You surely don't mean to force me away from my native land?" said the younger brother, in a voice half stupified with amazement.

"Somebody must go and see after the plantations, you know," replied the knight, as the same icy smile went creeping up his features like a snake. "If you dislike the trouble, you've only to sign that paper, and I'll go instead."

"I will not sign it. Oh God! is there no friend to help me?"

He looked wildly round upon the savage faces that confronted him; and saw that there was no hope. Suddenly, however, he drew his sword, and sprang quickly forward; wheeling the blade fiercely above his head.

"Down with his sword!" shouted Sir Hubert. "Hew him to pieces, if he will not stay! He must not—shall not escape."

They rushed upon him just as he was springing through the open pannel, and hurled him back into the room. In another minute his arms were pinioned, and a gag was thrust into his mouth. Sir

Hubert then motioned the leader of the band apart, and addressed him in a few hurried whispers.

"You are bound for North America, you say?"—"Yes, sir."—"And you're going up the country westward?"—"Into the heart of the backwoods, your honour: we've got a job or two thereabouts."—"Understand then, that I wish this gentleman well-treated during the voyage: but when you get him ashore, mind you leave him where he shall never find his way back again to this country. Do you understand?"—"Ay, ay. Once let us get him into the heart of the black pine forests, and he's as safe as in the tomb."—"Take this bag of gold, then, for your trouble. Now away with him, and be mindful of what I have said."

"Forward, lads!" shouted the pirate, advancing, "and take care of your prisoner.

"There's a breeze upon the ocean,
And a cloud across the sky,
And the moon that skulks behind it, boys,
Is like a dead man's eye;
But who cares for the moon, my boys,
While the flakey foam uttosses,
And the waves upon the rocky beach
Are pawing like white horses?
Then drink to the grey-beard Ocean,
Our grim old friend, the Sea!"

The burden of the pirate's song was caught up and repeated in wild echoes, as the rough band stepped through the open space into the corridor beyond, dragging their helpless prisoner after them. The pannel then slid back into its place; the voices of the men grew fainter, and died away in the winding passages of the house; the old chamber was again buried in semi-darkness; and Sir Hubert sat alone.

Alone with the devil in his own bad heart.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 20, 1707.

Sir Hubert's mansion being situated on the north-western coast of England, the pirates had not far to go before they reached their ship, which lay in a creek quite shut in by beetling rocks. In five minutes more they were out of sight of the land—the night being intensely dark, and the sky covered with heavy clouds.

Six long and weary years passed over the head of Godfrey Asham in the backwoods of North America—six years of hard living and hard working—ere any opportunity of escape offered itself. At the end of that time, however, he contrived to work his way to the frontier, took ship for England, and in the early part of Oc-

tober, 1707, again set foot on his native earth.

He came back an altered man; misanthropical in spirit, and with a feeling of revenge against his brother cankering in his soul. No sweet thoughts of again seeing his home and friends occupied his mind as he stepped ashore, and walked moodily forward, he scarce knew whither. The old familiar places, which he seemed to have left but yesterday, and yet not to have seen for such a weary length of time, brought no delicious memories with them, nor found one sweet, sad echo in his heart. The tree that he had climbed, a boy, and sat beneath, a man, was passed by with the same morose indifference. But when he came beside the village-church, and, glancing up at its ivy-mantled tower, holy and peaceful in the soft blue autumn air, thought how innocently he had once sat within those walls, he turned aside and walked quickly on: for it seemed to smite him like a cruel blow.

He passed into the village, and hired a room in one of the bye-streets. Here he would sit for days and days—scarcely moving from his chair, and hardly ever stirring out of doors—and, brooding over his wrongs until they stood between him and his better nature like a demon, map out his projects for revenge. A thousand schemes were slowly fabricated, and as quickly cast aside, and still nothing presented itself which entirely satisfied him. Often did he sit up far into the night gazing at his own shadow on the naked wall, until in his distempered imagination it took the shape of his brother; when he would rush blindly towards it, and beat it fiercely with his fist.

At length one day he chanced to hear some village gossips conversing on the all-engrossing subjects of Hubert's ghost-scepticism—his mysterious closeting of himself in the summer-house—and Mr. Grimwold's vain attempts to bring him round to his own opinions upon the matter. A bright idea suddenly burst upon Godfrey's mind, and sallying forth into the village, he made strict search for one of those shops in which old iron, or any disused metal article, may be procured. Having found one, he bought a bunch of rusty keys (about half-a-dozen in number); and carefully secreting them, returned home.

The rest of that day he remained locked up in his room, sending his meals away untasted, and brooding over the project which now engrossed the whole powers of his mind. A little before midnight, however, he rose, and taking one of the sheets off the bed, stole noiselessly out of the house.

The village was perfectly dark and silent as Godfrey passed through its deserted

streets; and it was not long before he reached the walls of Sir Hubert's park, and, scaling them, dropped on the other side. He then whitened his face, with a piece of chalk; enveloped himself in the folds of the sheet; and set off in the direction of the summer-house, the situation of which he well remembered.

As he was passing through the chesnut grove in which, as we have before stated, the tenement was situated, it smote upon him like a flash of lightning, that on that very night—almost that very hour—seven years back, the event occurred for which he was now seeking redress. It came into his mind so suddenly, so strangely, and yet so forcibly, that it seemed like the palpable voice of his own Evil Genius, urging upon him a still further motive for revenge. It seemed as though the irresistible hand of Fate itself—manifest even in the thick darkness of the place—was pointing out the way before him. It seemed as if Time and Circumstance had conspired to bring about this consummation—this great wrong springing from another wrong as great. The very elements—made then, as they were upon that same night seven years back—appeared to demand that this "wild justice" should be carried through, and in their clamorous wailings to cry out, "Revenge!"

It was a bad thought, and he knew it; but it had got full possession of his mind, keeping all his better impulses in tyrannous subjection.

Having arrived at the summer-house, he pulled forth the bunch of keys he had bought in the morning, and, trying them separately until he found one which fitted the lock, opened the door and passed into the little chamber. Stepping softly up to the bed, which was faintly visible in the wan moonlight that streamed through the casement, he stooped over the face of the unconscious sleeper, and gazed at it intently.

Wake up, Sir Hubert! wake up, and look upon the dreadful apparition bending over thy pillow—breathing upon thy breath! Wake up, and see the man whom thou supposest to be far away, beyond the fathomless ocean, deep in the black pine-forests—wake up, and see him standing by thy side in the night silence! Wake!

Is he conscious, through his slumbers, of the terrible shape above him, that thus he turns, and moans, and fumbles at the bed-clothes? Has the ghostly thing—ten times more horrible for being real—projected its shadow into his dreams?

Satisfied at length with his survey, Godfrey turned aside, and glanced round the apartment. As he did so, his eye fell upon the pistols which Sir Hubert had placed upon a table at the bed's head. He examined them, and found them to be loaded;

and the thought came across his mind that, upon his brother waking, he might seize the weapons and shoot him dead, before he could effect his escape. Acting, accordingly, upon this idea, he drew the bullets, leaving the remainder of the charge in the barrels. He then stationed himself at the foot of the bed, and called out in a loud voice—

"Awake, Sir Hubert Asham! Wake!"

The sleeper turned heavily round upon his side; muttered something to himself, which sounded awfully in the surrounding quiet; and fell again into still deeper slumbers.

"Wake, wake, I say! Wake!"

He heard the voice this time, and started up; and lo, at the foot of his bed—full in the white glare of the moonbeams—he saw his brother's face. About every part of the figure, the thick darkness fell in pall-like folds; so that the face alone was seen, grimly standing forth from a livid atmosphere of its own.

The knight raised himself on his elbow, and gazed fixedly at the phantom visage; thinking to see it fade gradually into the moonlight. But the more he looked, the more its outline hardened on his sight, and the more distinct and unmistakable did its features become. Yet why did it stand there so erect, and motionless, and silent? Why did it take that likeness to his banished brother, which almost froze his blood to look on? Why did it come there at that hour to hag-ride his sleep? How had it gained admittance? Why did it not move, and speak to him?

Notwithstanding his often-boasted theory, Sir Hubert felt his heart beat quicker, and a clammy perspiration burst upon his forehead, and a sense of fear, such as he had never known before, creep all over him. But it was only because of the likeness which the features bore.

"Who are you?" at length he exclaimed, unable to remain silent any longer.

A frantic burst of laughter was the only reply.

"I know this is a trick to frighten me," said the knight, as a recollection of the events of the evening, and the plot which he had discovered, crossed his mind. "By Heaven, I'll shoot you, if you don't speak. Speak, I say!" And he seized hold of his pistols.

Again the same wild burst of laughter, echoing far out in the lonely night; followed by two loud reports in quick succession—a red glare of light—and then a muffling canopy of smoke, filling every corner of the small apartment. Half terrified at his own act, and its probable consequences, Hubert watched the vapour as it slowly curled away, expecting to see some mangled and bleeding body stretched at the

foot of the bed. But when he saw the same pale face staring at him through the moonlight, unmoved, unhurt, and steadfast still as ever, he absolutely shrieked with dismay, and rising up in bed, panted and clutched wildly at the air.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the terrible phantom. "You can't shoot me, Sir Hubert Asham. You can't shoot me. Ha, ha, ha! See here, Sir Hubert! Here are your bullets back again!"

And he threw them on the bed.

"It is a devil!" screamed Sir Hubert, leaping on to his feet, and glaring savagely at the thing whose presence troubled him. "Ghost, fiend, mockery—come nearer, and I'll tear your heart out! Come nearer, and I'll drag you limb from limb! Ha, ha! You're afraid—you're afraid! Ha, ha, ha! Who laughs now? Who's frightened now? Who cares for thy pale face, and thy hot eyes? Ha, ha, ha! I know thee now full well! Thou art the White Horse that the Spectre Death goes forth a-riding on: thy sides are bloody with spurring! Ha, ha! how fast we gallop through the darkness!"

Exhausted with rage and terror, he paused, though still remaining erect; while Godfrey—now seriously alarmed at the consequences of his rash act—stood at the foot of the bed, stupified with amazement. Suddenly, Hubert started back—flung out his arms as though he were wrestling for very life—gave a short, low cry—and fell back upon the pillow.

Dead!

Five minutes after this awful catastrophe, Mr. Grimwold and his two companions arrived upon the spot, and the scene previously detailed took place. On the next day, the circumstances of the knight's sudden death were communicated to the proper authorities, and an inquest was held upon the body; but owing to want of evidence upon the matter (Messrs. Grimwold, Hartley, and Ravenscroft not choosing to appear), a verdict of "Found dead in his bed, but from what causes there is no evidence to show," was returned, and the affair remained buried in the profoundest mystery. Godfrey Asham never came forward to claim his property; but flying on to the continent, ended his days in monkish seclusion.

You may be sure that the Reverend Mr. Grimwold and his two friends never played off any more practical jokes; all three of them devoutly believing, to the latest day of their lives, that the figure which they saw in the summer-house was a real ghost, and not an earthly being like themselves.

THE TUSCAN GIRL.

'Tis vintage time; the fields afar
Are echoing with the gay guitar;
And 'neath the sunny purple skies
Are seen as bright and sparkling eyes;
The Tuscan girl, with playful brow,
Is gathering fruit from every bough.

The dewy morn, with breath of flowers,
Is stealing o'er the olive bowers;
And Leoline, sweet maid of love,
Like Venus, fabled nymph above,
Awakes the echoes with a song
That rolls the Arno's vales along.

Fair and gay the glance she cast
O'er rustic gatherers, as they passed;
And few that caught that sparkling eye,
But loved her, though they knew not why;
And praised each ringlet's flowing curl
Of Leoline, my Tuscan girl.

STUART FARQUHARSON, D.C.L.

Reviews.

King Charles the First; a Dramatic Poem, in Five Acts. By Archer Gurney. London, Pickering.

After having finished the perusal of this poem, we felt at a loss in what way to treat it; whether to enter into a critical examination of its historical correctness, or to criticise it as a poem. The latter course will be better suited to our pages, and give perhaps more satisfaction to our readers and ourselves. The construction of the play displays considerable knowledge of the dramatic art, fixing the attention of the reader from the beginning to the end. The scenes follow each other with rapidity, and cannot fail to interest. The play opens before the entrance to the House of Commons, with a conversation between Hampden and Hyde, in which it is impossible to disguise the earnest purpose of Hampden. Hyde pleads well for Strafford, but the stern Puritan knew his duty to his country too well to yield. Mr. Gurney, however, writing for the king, for his bias is evident, as he dedicates his work "To the Memory of the Church's Royal Martyr," cannot conceive the liberal party to be animated with as pure motives as the followers of king Charles; he, however, displays considerable impartiality throughout the play, and we, for our part, felt more interest in the Puritan party than in their opponents. The scenes at which we are disposed to cavil, are those in which the king is represented as so good, so gentle,

and so amiable a being, and also where an excuse is found for Charles giving his consent to the execution of Strafford. The meeting of Charles and the condemned peer is well worked out, and is filled with genuine poetry. The king expresses himself loth to desert Strafford, who then exclaims:

Desert me—O, my king? Ah, would indeed All earth did know thee, as you heaven doth see thee,

Most saint-like, pure, and good. Yet should I tell thee

With my rude lips, the highest martyrdom, Even that was borne on earth by earth's one king

Of kings, is earthly shame and scorn. The day

Will come, my king, when thou shalt stand before

The heavenly judgment-seat, and thy accusers

Shall know thee spotless then, and quail. My king,

I need not speak of this. For me to teach thee,

Is as a child would prompt a sage. Believe, It is my joy, my highest joy, to die!

I know thou canst not doubt. And for thy fame,

The fate of England rests at stake; yet more, The fate of God's own Church! So I, who else

Would die to shield that fame, must bid thee stain it,

It may be for some months, or years, in men's Vain thoughts, by even that subject life's surrender,

Which ever was thine own!

King Charles. I know not, Strafford, If I do err! Whatever rests at stake, Truth still is truth! I should not quit its path,

Nor set my hand to that most lying sentence Which thee condemns as traitor.

Strafford. Sign it not then!

Let not this one slight obstacle endanger

Both State and Church. Grant some

Commission only

To others in thy name. This will suffice,

And shield thee from the guilt of seeming falsehood

For inward truth. Heaven knows and I too know thee!

Once more—once more—oh, let me not entreat

This loving boon in vain! If I have ever Deserved thy favours, give me in my death

The joy of shielding thee and England's throne

From danger. Sire, such end will be most glorious,

Most blest!

King Charles (after a pause). My Strafford! Fare thee well, then,

If this must be.

Strafford. I thank thee! and I bless thee!

Oh, may my blessings guard thy royal head! Bless thou me too!

King Charles. Strafford, my generous servant,

My noble friend, go thou to deathless glory In this world and the next! I bless thee,

Strafford;

And when before the Eternal's judgment throne

We meet, perchance the heart that tortures now

May think with joy and pride on this dark hour

For thee and me! Farewell—farewell—farewell—

On earth, for ever!

Strafford (struggling with emotion). Yet one word! The world,

Pym and his friends, must know not thou hast been

With me. Thou must conciliate them, my king;

For those who should be thine are all too weak

To shield thee. I must needs some wonder show,

When I the first more formal tidings hear

Of my near death.

King Charles. So be it, well-loved Strafford!

This too? Oh, worse than martyrdom is mine!

For thee—thou art—thou must be blest! And so

Farewell—farewell! [*King departs hastily.*]

We have rather overstepped our limits, or we should have had great pleasure in introducing some of the eloquent speeches of young Vane, and Pym, and Cromwell. The battle of Naseby is well executed; the changes and scenes are rapid and exciting. As a whole, and leaving out politics, we are disposed to speak in high terms of the vigour, energy, and poetry it displays.

A Financial, Monetary, and Statistical History of England, from the Revolution of 1688 to the present time. Derived principally from Official Documents. In seventeen Letters, addressed to the young men of Great Britain. By Thos. Doubleday, Esq., author of the "True Law of Population," &c. &c. London: Effingham Wilson. 1847.

The title of this book will not be very inviting to the general reader, who will be inclined to pass it by, without bestowing any attention on the subject. Should he, however, be tempted to look into it, he will find a work somewhat different from his expectations, and which yet comes up to the title. Commencing at that most important period of our history, the Revolution, Mr. Doubleday presents us with a rapid and interesting sketch of the pro-

gress of our country, and gives us much valuable information on our monetary system. As far as we can judge, Mr. Doubleday's views appear generally to be very correct, although he occasionally allows his fancy to run riot, and pictures a very direful prospect before us. We, ourselves, have no such fears of our ultimate destiny. England has already weathered too many storms to be overwhelmed by any derangement in our paper currency.

The chapters on the real value of money are very clever, and deserve much attention. Our author appears to have investigated the subject, and to have mastered the great truths of political economy. The work is addressed to young men, and therefore every question is discussed with much clearness and precision, and will not fail to interest those who desire to obtain a thorough knowledge of history. We say a thorough knowledge, for no one can obtain correct ideas unless he render himself familiar with the undercurrent which affects all great movements. Those who have merely skimmed over history will be surprised to discover the disgraceful expedients which ministers have countenanced to keep up the credit of the stocks. The corruption, the venality, of our greatest statesmen are fully exposed by Mr. Doubleday, although he occasionally applies his lash where it is scarcely deserved. We agree with him, however, that there is something rotten in our state; something which prevents us revenging insults and taking our stand in our proper position, as the most free, the most enlightened, and the most powerful nation in the world. We have succumbed too often. We cannot, however, concur in the belief that it is entirely owing to our financial position. Mr. Doubleday attacks with vigour and effect the monstrous folly of the Peace Societies. As long as human passions have any effect on men, wars must and will take place, and the longer a just one is averted, the worse for the country who suffers the injury. In conclusion, we beg cordially to recommend this history to the attention of our readers, being thoroughly satisfied that its perusal will do good, for its errors are few and far between, and detract but little from its general utility.

Rough Recollections of Rambles Abroad and At Home. By Calder Campbell, author of the Palmer's Last Lesson. In 3 vols. 1847.

The writer of these volumes does not profess to confine his recollections to one part of the earth; he wanders here and there, from Scotland to England, from England to India, from India to Saxony, with wonderful ease and flexibility. By the amusing manner in which some of the letters are writ-

ten, the author contrives to incite the reader to accompany him willingly in his various rambling recollections, well pleased to be in such good company. But every one will observe in the tales themselves a great display of want of taste in the selection of the plots, and the incidents on which the stories are founded. Horror upon horror is heaped up unsparingly, stories are narrated to us of Bleeding Hands, and sorceresses with serpents instead of arms, witches, and such like material. A horrible story is a very good thing at certain times and seasons, but one tires of it more easily than almost any other kind of fiction, therefore the reader of the present volumes will to a certainty feel disappointed at the great sameness of some of the plots, and meagreness of some of the incidents of the stories. They are however, upon the whole, of an amusing kind, and related pleasantly. The author, though he presents us with a few scenes of vice and the results of wickedness suffers unequivocal signs to escape him, that in no instance does he side with the perpetrator of mischief. Accordingly, while in unmeasured terms we cannot recommend the work as of extraordinary ability, we do recommend it as calculated to wile many a pleasant hour away, whether wandering with the Mahratta queen or taking part in the exploits of the Howdie Witch Cawdor. The story of Ellen Malden is of a peculiar kind, and with it we have some faults to find. If the insult offered the heroine by Mr. Bligh were indeed necessary to the development of the tale, it was not and could not be necessary to throw her again into his way, and make her marry the very person from whose insults her real lover had saved her. We expected of course to find the Captain alive, but think it bad taste to make Ellen Malden marry one after the other, the insulter and the rescuer. Had she remained constant as well as her absent lover, we could have admired the story—as it is, it disappoints our expectations. Another narrative of a domestic kind, which displays some more specimens of bad taste, is one in which the wife of a titled nobleman comes to throw herself on the protection of her first lover. The picture of woman brought down to such a pass is degrading in the extreme. There are however many tales which compensate for the above, and even these will be interesting to a certain class of readers. The author makes some excellent remarks in the course of his work upon the system of educating young ladies for the marriage mart in India, which are well worthy of attention, inasmuch as they expose a vicious and pernicious mode of treatment which perverts all their best feelings, fills their minds with the contemplation of trivialities, frivolities and pleasures, making

of them neither good Christians nor good wives, but fluttering butterflies, prepared to accomplish no duties of life, and utterly unmindful of the future. We entirely coincide with our author, and trust that he may see his views widely diffused.

Rome, Pagan and Papal. By an English Resident in that City. London, Hamilton, Adams and Co.

The title of this work explains much of its contents. It is an attempt to assimilate the feelings with which we view the ancient city, with those of modern times. The author has been highly successful, and paints with force the scenes which he endeavours to throw before his readers. The account of the Madonna, in the first chapter, displays the efforts of a mind who is deeply impressed with whatever is beautiful or innocent in whatever it sees. Unlike many, the author can perceive beauty in the customs of a people whom he has studied, even if they be opposed to the dictates of his reason. To a Protestant, the worship of the Madonna appears almost absurd; but when you perceive twenty millions of Italians bowing the knee to her image with the most devout reverence, one cannot but be struck with it. The holy mother is looked up to throughout the land; the young breathe in her ear their little sorrows, and receive the comfort which the act is sure to bring them; the middle-aged and the old alike cherish the most profound veneration for her, and testify it by their devout prayers. For however we may be mistaken in the object, we may rely upon it that prayer in earnestness of heart always brings comfort, whether it be the Hebrew who worships the Jehovah, or the Christian rejoicing in his pure faith, or the Mohammedan who, turning his face towards Mecca, adores the Giver of all good, or the Pagan who throws himself before a block, and offers up the effusions of a penitent heart to one whom he thinks hears and responds to his invocations. However mistaken may be his faith, it brings him comfort and solace. We have dwelt rather at large upon the first chapter, which well deserves notice. The work comprises many subjects of much interest. The Saints, Image Worship, Christmas in Italy, Roman Catholic Missions, are all considered. The last chapter is the only one to which we can give any further notice; it is entitled the Feast of the Dead. It is written with equal beauty to the first; but we are compelled to find fault with one thing, which is, that if the book be intended for *general* reading, exclamations in Italian should be translated; for however beautiful or *à propos* they may be in the original language, they are susceptible of being rendered with effect into

English. The work will be found extremely interesting, and it displays considerable acuteness and power of observation, and is moreover free from those prejudices that deform the works of many authors. It possesses moreover one great attraction—it is very original.

The Works of G. P. R. James. Revised and corrected by the Author, with an Introductory Preface. Vol. XII.—"The Gentleman of the Old School." London, Parry, Blenkarn, and Co.

The twelfth volume of the new series of the writings of this really popular author affords us another opportunity of dwelling upon the merits of this highly interesting work. The title is sufficient of itself to attract, particularly as the name of James is added to it. The character of old Sir Andrew Halbrooke is drawn with great power; his manners are the very impersonation of the true old English gentleman we hear so much about. Not but that we believe that even in these days there is as much goodness, as much virtue and gallantry about, as there ever was, but the mind is apt, whilst contemplating life as it flows onward like a stream, to believe that the further from the fountain the more impure; so in history we learn from traditions and from romance of the virtues of our ancestors, their follies and vices are buried in the dust, and we dwell with delight on what pleases us. So will it be in future ages; the days of Victoria will be as much eulogised then, as the days of Elizabeth are by some people now. But we are wandering from the story, which it is not, however, our design to tell, as many of our readers have no doubt read the book, and those who may desire to do so would not perhaps thank us for depriving them of a pleasure which we have enjoyed. We cannot, however, pass over the effective opening of the seventh chapter, in which Tim Meakes is introduced to the reader. Tim is an old soldier, whose story you may take in at a glance, and be satisfied at the same time that you cannot mistake your man. You find there that character often met with but little appreciated, except in novels—the fine manly English sergeant. Meakes is the type of a large class who fill our common towns and villages, and are unknown and forgotten by those who are paid by the country to look after their welfare. The fine old soldier, however, is not in the position in which too many of our veterans are—he is tolerably well off, and cares but little for the sorrows of this world. Happy with his gun and dogs, he despises the common comforts of man. Mr. James has succeeded admirably in depicting this character. We feel an interest in him the moment he is brought upon the stage.

Edith is well drawn; but our author scarcely succeeds in delineating female characters so well as his male; nevertheless, we have little to complain of; she possesses many of the qualities that are necessary in a person destined to combat successfully with the world. Farmer Bull is also admirably depicted, and so is also the elder Mr. Forrest, a selfish cold-blooded fellow, who would sacrifice every thing to satisfy his own craving disposition. The peace, comfort, or happiness of his wife and daughter, are matters about which he cannot of course interest himself. His objects must be attained, at whatever sacrifice of the feelings of others. As to the general story, we may observe that where it is not highly wrought it is interesting, and cannot fail to please the reader. The present volume is got up with much taste and judgment. The illustration is well executed by Hablot Browne. The size of the work is most convenient, while the paper and type are excellent. The spirit with which the present series is got up, cannot fail to insure it great success, for the admirers of James's works of fiction will now have an opportunity of making the work a household and familiar piece of furniture. The purity and morality displayed in every one of Mr. James's works, are powerful recommendations, for parents can safely place his novels in the hands of their children. That is one of the elements of Mr. James's success; and had he no other merit, we should be inclined to push his works before the public.

The Parlour Library.—Vols. II, III.—“Memoirs of a Physician.” By Alexandre Dumas. “Wood Leighton; or a Year in the Country.” By Mary Howitt. Price One Shilling.

We shall, in the present notice, confine ourselves to the third volume of this amusing series, because it possesses, in our eyes, far more interesting characteristics than the *Memoirs of a Physician*. The writings of Mary Howitt possess, all of them, a certain moral tendency which will, infallibly, cause them to be admitted in that circle into which the *Parlour Library* is more especially intended to penetrate. We make this remark, because what parent would like to listen to her children, congregated round the family hearth, pouring forth the language familiar to almost all French writers of fiction when engaged in their favourite theme—describing the mysteries of the French metropolis to the uninitiated, with the object of amusing those assembled around them? To enter into a criticism of French novels, however, is not now our object. An opportunity will at some future day be presented, of which we shall avail ourselves to the

utmost. “Wood Leighton,” as its name seems to imply, is a quiet story, and will be more relished by readers who seek for a domestic interest than by such as expect wild and stirring scenes. If there be in Mrs. Howitt's productions some sameness, we become reconciled to it when we reflect upon the pleasing manner in which they are penned. This remark must suggest itself to every one accustomed to peruse her works. And as it is so perfectly obvious, to avoid making it would argue that we were blind to what all the world beside must see. The present narrative opens with a scene between a mother and daughter, in which they are engaged in discussing the probabilities contingent upon the arrival of the young lady's rich old uncle from India, who does at last make his appearance on the scene, and causes several unfortunate events by his strange predilections and tastes. In the first place, his niece must marry neither a sportsman, a widower, nor a parson, and it just happens that previous to the old gentleman's introduction to her, she has chosen to fall in love with a young clergyman, who is, however, dismissed under peculiarly distressing auspices. The intricacies of the plot begin to thicken, and a death takes place. Up to this point the story maintains its interest uninterrupted, but just as we appear to be entering upon the unravelment, everything is done for us, and matters are rather hurried up, in order to give place to the authoress for the development of a new idea, an interval of thirty-seven years being skipped over to show how the curse of a large fortune worked. The scenes between Mr. Vigors and Jane slightly lower our estimate of the heroine's character. She knows the state of her feelings towards the young clergyman; she is not unacquainted with his previous unequivocal manifestation of affection, and yet she suffers herself to be bewildered, fascinated by the widower in one night, so far as to permit him to make a declaration the next morning, when the turning of a straw might have decided her future fate. Chance decides, however, for her. Her old feelings towards Brian Livingston are reawakened, and she rejects the widower, who however goes away impressed with a lively sense of her nobleness of character. Not but what he is a well-drawn and interesting character, though even he is too precipitate. Had they been thrown longer into each other's society we do not blame either of them for falling in love, that is to say, if the young lady had felt herself perfectly free, and not bound by any tie to Brian Livingstone. Altogether the story is interesting and well told; there are many pretty descriptions, attractive grouping of characters,

and effective scenes, which will be relished much by every reader of this class of fiction. The cheapness of the publication in "which 'Wood Leighton' appears, is one of its best recommendations, and we accordingly wish it the success which it really deserves.

New Quarterly Review; or, Home, Foreign, and Colonial Journal. No. XVIII.—April, 1847. London, Gilbert and Co.

The present number opens with a masterly and, as far as appears to us, impartial review of three works upon Ancient Greece—viz., St. John's "History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," Grote's "History and Mythology," and Thirlwall's "History." The writer has not evidently skimmed over the surface of the works he is engaged in reviewing, but has dived into their inmost recesses, has investigated what they really contain, and has here presented us with what we may call an able analysis of the information they contain, or rather, we should perhaps say, has suggested an outline of the contents. For to convey in an article, even like the present, any but a faint idea of what volumes, in some instances the result of the labour of years, contain, is of course impossible. The author of the present paper, however, shows himself to be quite capable of handling his subject; now he startles us by his sudden bursts of eloquence—now he leads us along with him by the gentle force of persuasion through the course of his arguments, which are of the most convincing kind. As a whole, it is one of the best articles we have for a long time perused in periodical literature, and will go far in inducing persons to believe what the writer justly says—that it can never be unprofitable to investigate the manners, customs, literature, arts, and sciences, which in ancient times embellished life. The effect of such articles must be beneficial, as it tends to render the general reader in some degree familiar with the subjects treated of in the books themselves. The second article is entitled "Poetry and Criticism," and treats with skill the subjects handled. The author appears fully alive to the beauty of poetry and its high calling, but occasionally, we imagine, rather mystifies himself with regard to the powers and capabilities of many of the writers of the day. The article has one great fault—there is too much extract, although we feel inclined to pass it over on account of the beauty of the passages introduced. We have next an article on "The Castle of Ehrenstein," by James, "Azeth, the Egyptian," and on "Cleveland." The writer appears to have taken

a just view of James as an author, though occasionally he perhaps expresses his admiration too highly. Our objection to James is, that there is too much sameness in his characters, and too little variety in his scenes. In noticing "Azeth," we think the reviewer has hardly dwelt with sufficient harshness on many portions of that extraordinary work, although he certainly expresses much when he says: "The hall of pleasure of Amasis awakens the youthful feelings of Azeth, and really would lead any one to imagine that the fair authoress had banquetted with Cleopatra." "Cleveland" appears to be an able work. The article on "Ariosto" is very interesting; the extracts given, which are translated, are beautiful, and generally very vigorous. Mr. James forms the subject of the next article, which treats of his "Life of Henry the Fourth." The writer sums up its merit in these words: "Mr. James's history, for biography we can scarcely call it, is a highly valuable work, forming a real storehouse of facts concerning the age depicted in it, and characterised by a sterling English honesty which contrasts forcibly with the double dealing of most of the principal personages introduced. In Henri Quatre himself, however, Mr. James has no doubt discovered a kindred nature—kindred, that is, in so far as sound sense and downright honesty are concerned; and this fact alone explains to us the preference of such an author for such a subject." From what we have seen of the work, we should imagine that the opinion of the reviewer is substantially correct. Miss Pardoe's "Louis the Fourteenth" forms the subject of the next article. Then follows one on "Chartism," which is very ably written and cleverly reasoned, but which has failed to convince us. "Absolute democracy is but another word for despotism," says the writer. This reminds us of Mr. Disraeli's "grovelling tyranny of self-government." In the sequel of one of the Chartist Poems occur these words, which we extract as they are given by the "New Quarterly":

"And flowers will grow in blooming time,
Where prison-doors their jarring cease;
For liberty will banish crime—
Contentment is the best police."

The reviewer remarks: "Alas! liberty does not banish crime; license can only foster it." What has that got to do with it? The poet does not affirm that license will banish crime, but liberty. It is very unfair to turn the poet's meaning. We are not about to write a glowing eulogium on Chartism, for that would be impossible, but we are willing to treat it as a great fact, which may do much good or much harm, according to the disposition of those

whom the people select for leaders. We have then an interesting article on "Communism," followed by one on "Irish Relief Measures," which expresses many of our own sentiments with force and skill. "The land of Ireland can, and must, be made to support the people of Ireland, by its present owners, if they are willing to undertake the task; if not, by others, whom the law will substitute in their place." We regret that we have not been able to give more space to many of the articles; but from what we have said, our readers will perceive that this number is extremely varied. The "New Quarterly," whilst it takes equal rank with the others in point of ability, far, very far surpasses them in interest and ability.

Hours of Thought; or, Poetic Musings.
By J. S. Hardy. London, Harvey and Darton.

The Palace of Fantasy; or, The Bard's Imagery. With other Poems. By J. S. Hardy. London, Smith, Elder, & Co.

We have been induced to notice these works, partly out of courtesy to their author, and partly from their merits; but it is departing from our plans to notice any but new works; we would, therefore, suggest that it would be better for authors and publishers to forward their works sooner, if they wish to insure careful notices. "The Palace of Fantasy" contains many beautiful passages, although it is in many parts quaint and too prosaic. It, however, displays considerable merit, and many portions rise above par. We were much interested in it. Mr. Hardy displays occasionally many elements of the poet, and throws his thoughts into rich and animated verse. We take one stanza, which is not, however, by any means the best, but our space prevents our making longer extracts.

"Oh, Poesy divine, enchanting maid,
What spell is thine, what ardour-kindling soul!

What piercing sight, though dark as owl's shade,
Can stay thy glance, thy pinions' flight control?

The past and future o'er thy vista roll,
The mind's creative pageantry sublime,
That forms th' ideal shape and living whole,
Thy wizard wand can raise with charmed rhyme,

O'ersweep the bounds of space, and outstrip panting time."

Though in this stanza there are perhaps some imperfect images, yet it contains much strength and beauty. In the "Hours of Thought," there is a beautiful piece on

Milton, a part of which we would willingly extract, but by giving a portion we should scarcely do justice to the merit of the whole. From this volume we extract the following pretty song, of whose merit our readers will be able to judge:

"When the moon shines bright on the soft
glassy stream,
And sheds on the mountain her silvery
beam,
When sweet on the ear the night breeze is
sighing,
Like music that floats, so mournfully dying;
We fairies then dance on the smooth shaven
green,
Or gambol unseen with Titania, our queen.
Far, far away.

"By the deep haunted dell we fairies trip
light,
As we revel beneath the star spangled night,
While mortals are hushed, in soft-slumber
dreaming,
Or climb on the ray of the mild moon
beaming,
O'er the tremulous dew, that sparkles so
light,
We flit to our lov'd pearly haunts with de-
light. Far, far away.

Many of the pieces are rich and beautiful; we take one more little piece, "On a Tear," a subject that has been treated of so often by poets:

"There is a gem of purest ray,
A crystal treasure rare;
In vain the diamond's lustre may
With that sweet gem compare.

"Not sweeter is the pearly dew,
That weeps upon the thorn;
As when, soft glist'ning to the view,
The trembling tear is born.

"It is in fond affection's eye
That gem's bright rays appear;
It is the sweetness of a sigh,
When moistened by a tear."

Mr. Hardy has been very successful in many instances; we have been so much pleased, as to look forward with pleasure to the perusal of any more of his subsequent productions.

Byways of History, from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Century. By Mrs. Percy Sinnet. In 2 volumes. London: Longman. 1847.

These two volumes must be regarded as very valuable additions to our historical literature, since they serve to cast a clear and, in some instances, brilliant light upon

one of those interesting and important episodes in the history of Germany which have not been so thoroughly investigated as some others. In our authoress's introduction she makes some exceedingly shrewd and able remarks upon the impulse lately given to this class of inquiry, and upon the amount of interest awakened by the examination of the institution of those great volcanic forces by which vast regions were at once heaved up to a height apparently beyond the utmost powers of our machinery to attain. The former condition of the German people, when they resembled a nomadic race, living by pasturage and hunting, roving about with their flocks and herds, and wives and children, forcibly strikes our imagination, as contrasted with their present state, tastes, habits, and predilections. Yet they have advanced but slowly in the career of civilisation in comparison with some nations; by nature slothful, they tarry long behind their neighbours, and move only when goaded on by the lash of something akin to contempt, though we are loathe to use so harsh a word. In the first chapter of her able and interesting work, Mrs. Sinnet proceeds to give some account of the castles of Germany, and their inmates in the feudal times, of which numbers of their ruins still remain standing upon naked crags and inaccessible heights. As many as ten or twelve of these ruins, our authoress tells us, may still be counted within a circuit of as many miles, which speaks volumes for the state of a country on which such a military aspect was conferred, as it were. When we reflect upon the means by which they were erected, and remember the toils of the oppressed peasantry, whose hands aided in placing stone upon stone, they constitute so many mementos of the barbarism and tyranny of past ages, and can be associated with no pleasant or gratifying recollections. Some were built for defence, and others again sprang up in order to protect the people from the attacks made by the inhabitants of those already erected. Various purposes were served; these castles were the retreat alike of robber knights, and lordly rulers. A curious and interesting account of their mode of construction, of the walls, subterranean places, halls, kitchens, chapels, &c., is given in our authoress's pages, from which she proceeds to give a sketch of the domestic economy carried on within. Chapter II treats of fist law, which interests us somewhat less than the one which follows on the free cities of Germany, which the writer happily compares to islands moving amidst the wide-wasting ocean of violence and

anarchy. Mrs. Sinnet describes their slow rise and progress, and discourses with power and eloquence upon the causes of all she relates. In this chapter, indeed, we admire greatly the exceeding masculine nature of her style, which possesses, in fact, few attributes of that generally belonging to woman, except a certain delicacy of expression appertaining almost always to their writings. She is nervous, and full of energy; and astonishes us absolutely by the vigour with which she frequently wields her pen. The fourth chapter treats of the "Hansee at Home and Abroad." The Hanse cities often emulated each other in the rich and stately style of building in their senate-houses, which were of imposing proportion, and shone in all the glory of gay colours, copper and gold; but the smaller houses of the town rarely corresponded with the glow and splendour of some of the more striking buildings, the private rooms of even some of these being small, dark, and gloomy. The work undoubtedly increases in interest as it progresses. In the early history of a state like Germany, there is necessarily much of detail and investigation which may not strike the general reader's fancy; but let him once penetrate as far as its superstitions, and he feels interested at once. Around the worship, superstitious or otherwise, of nations, a peculiar interest is cast; and when the writers thereon abstain from too minute and abstruse investigations, it is endowed with an inexpressible charm. We respect the monk and the hermit, or rather their motives, and feel anxious to learn something of their peculiar mode of life, slightly different in all countries where monasticism has ever prevailed, and borrowing various characteristics from each land. The "Fathers of the Desert" is one of the most interesting of the chapters contained in the "Byways of History." We do not pretend, in this brief notice, to convey any correct ideas of the whole work, or the riches it contains, but hope next month, in a second notice, to enter further into detail; and while less hurriedly we enter into an investigation of its merits, be enabled to offer a just appreciation of them. It is a book, indeed, which deserves more than a slight and passing remark, since it must be regarded as one of no slight importance, and ought to be in the hands of every one who desires to obtain a correct idea of Germany at the period to which our author refers. In concluding our present remarks, we can, therefore, only pause cordially to recommend its most attentive perusal. Mrs. Sinnet has evidently exhausted much patient research

in her undertaking, and deserves, were it only on this account, considerable encouragement. The following brief account of the siege of the castle of the Trauenberg is extremely interesting:

"Active preparations were now made for the assault upon the castle. Opposite to it, on the St. Nicholas hill, works had been erected, and the guns of the Wertheimers drawn up and protected by gabions; and rafts got ready under the stone bridge which crosses the Maine, as by this means the river could be passed without injury from the castle, which commanded the bridge itself. On Sunday, before break of day, the drums and fifes of the Franco-nians were heard, as they moved up the hill to occupy the works, and at four they opened a fire from their great guns. It was found, however, that the distance was somewhat too great, and the guns did little injury; whilst the fire was returned from the castle, not to the hill, but into the town. Another fire was opened from the Augustine convent, which did much more mischief; and on both sides this went on till a late hour in the night. On the Monday morning, it is said, a beautiful rainbow was seen round the sun, while the sky was perfectly clear; the same rainbow which, we may recollect, was seen at Frankenhäusen; and the sign was variously interpreted by the besieged, some regarding it as a token of victory, others as a warning of death; for at the moment when it was first observed, a ball struck through a window, and killed one of the officers, who had just lain down to rest on a bed. The peasants, however, invariably rejoiced in it, as unequivocally favourable to them, since, in their various standards united, all its colours were found; and they now went on with renewed confidence. Between nine and ten at night, when it was quite dark, a strong party, mostly of Florian Geyer's men, though unfortunately Florian himself was absent, having been dispatched on a special mission to bring reinforcements from Rothenburgh, assembled in a garden on the east side of the hill on which the castle stood, with scaling ladders, and all implements necessary for a storm; and, when all was ready, they rushed up the hill with great shouts, and made an assault upon the outworks, which they carried, and let themselves and their tools down into the deep dry ditch, and attempted to plant their ladders; but so heavy a fire was poured down upon them from the castle that they were driven back; and when again they rushed on, they were met by torrents of flaming pitch and sulphur, red-hot balls, and stones, petards, and incessant discharges of artillery. From

all the walls and towers, from every window and aperture, the castle seemed to vomit fire, and far around in the darkness of the night, it shone a beautiful but terrible spectacle, at which the citizens, thronging the streets of Wurzburg, stood gazing in terror, deafened by the thunders of the great guns and the shouts of those who were carrying on the work of death. But unfortunately the storm had been attempted prematurely, before a sufficient breach had been made; and though hundreds of the peasants lay slain and mangled round the walls, the castle still stood secure, and apparently impregnable. The whole night long the battle rages furiously, the clock strikes two hours after midnight, and, while those in the castle are expecting the third assault, there is a fearful pause. A captain of Lany-knechts leans for a moment from a window to see what the besiegers are doing, and is seen by the light behind him by a peasant lying half shattered and dying in a ditch. With the last strength of his arm he raised himself slowly, took a deliberate aim at the captain, and shot him dead. All night those in the castle have been casting bullets, and as yet, though they have many wounded, they have but three dead. Of the peasants, four hundred lie slain in the ditches and fortifications, though those who fell beyond have been carried off. In the afternoon of the following day the besiegers have made no further progress, they make a sign for a parley, while they carry away their wounded and dead. The garrison, not sorry for a respite, are willing enough to grant the truce, but stipulated that no one approach the ditches. This the peasants refused to agree to, and retired to consider what was to be done, while the wounded lay languishing in every variety of torment. 'Not one was helped,' says the narrative of Thomas Zweifel, 'not one was taken out of the ditches, but they crawled about groaning and sobbing till they died.' The loss of the peasants at the second storm had been terrible, the advantage gained trifling; and their hopes were now a little revived by the return of Florian Geyer, and some cannon and ammunition from Rothenberg; with them came also the news of many disasters, and of the march of George Truchsess and the army of the allied princes through Wirtemberg."

Notes of the Month.

CURIOSITIES OF AMERICAN ADVERTISING.

"The proper study of mankind is man," and an amusing study is advertising man, as he appears in that paper of hundred-fold advertisements, the *New York Sun*. We extract a few: "Wanted, an active woman, who understands cooking for a Protestant family." The American Protestants then have a distinct diet as well as creed. We commend the following to Professor Holloway: "Tried friends the best of friends. Since the suspension of H. C. Thorpe's advertisements, the number of deaths by consumption is truly astonishing; advertisements will now appear for the benefit of the afflicted." Good boys and good girls are in great demand: "Wanted, wanted, wanted, eight good boys and girls who understand getting up ten pins." "Wanted, situations for American and other good girls, at 70, Lisperhaid-street." "Wanted, a boy and crockery store of good address." The store no doubt is in a favourable situation—what relationship there may be between the sister and the young man is a pleasing mystery in the next advertisement: "Board wanted, in a private family, by two sisters, and also a young man, where they would feel themselves at home." We conclude with one thoroughly American: "Wanted, 4000 young men for the U. S. army, to whom will be given good pay, boarding, clothing, and medical attendance; also twelve dollars bounty and one hundred and twenty acres of land."

BORNEO, OR KALAMANTAN.

Much has been said about certain writers, among which we reckon ourselves, using the word Kalamantan, in lieu of Borneo. We are happy to find, from the testimony of a man who has sojourned among the natives, that Kalamantan is the proper name: "It may be well to mention that, as far as my travels and observation have extended, the inhabitants, whether Dyak or Malay, are acquainted with no other. Both of these races call it the island of Kalamantan; and to them, whether high-sounding or not, Borneo is the exotic name."

LANGUAGES OF THE DYAKS.

We extract the following from a letter by a four years' sojourner in the interior of Borneo: "I shall speak but briefly of the languages of the Dyaks. It is true these are numerous, but all that is said beyond this should be taken with considerable qualification. These languages, or rather dialects, are not so different or distinct as to

be quite unintelligible to each other. The structure of several of them, and hence, as I would infer, probably all, is altogether analogous; a large proportion of the words are precisely, and many others radically, the same; and all of them have a similar relationship with the Malay. Hence any one who has a good knowledge of Malay, can soon master any of the Dyak languages; and, in the same way, a person who has acquired either of the latter has laid a foundation for any or all the others. Nothing is more common than for an intelligent Dyak to go from place to place, understanding and speaking the languages of all. I speak here of what I have seen and heard."

LATEST FROM JAPAN.

On the 30th of March, 1846, the governor of Nangasaki proclaimed the death of the spiritual emperor at Miaco. On the 12th of July, a French man-of-war, with three hundred men, coming from Hong Kong, anchored at the Lioe-Kioe islands. The commander of the vessel gave notice of his intention to await there the arrival of two other French men-of-war. On the 28th of July, three French sails were seen at sea from Nangasaki, and this caused the bay of the said city to be occupied by a number of armed boats. Afterwards, it appeared that these vessels were the French frigate "La Cleopatra," and the French corvettes "La Sabine" and "La Victorieuse," all under the command of Rear-Admiral Cecille. Notwithstanding the prohibition given to them, these vessels entered the bay, and came to anchor near the Pavenberg, in the view of Decima. Rear-Admiral Cecille sent to the governor of Nangasaki a letter written in the French language, in which he complained of the bad treatment to which the crew of a French ship, which had been driven near the island Jesa by distress, had been subjected, two years ago; asking, for the future, the protection and assistance of the Japan government for French crews which might be thrown on the shores of that empire. On the 30th of July, the squadron departed, notwithstanding the invitation of the governor of Nangasaki to await the arrival of some presents of victuals, and without having received an answer to the letter forwarded. No disturbance took place during the presence of the vessels, although the Japanese remained constantly in a state of preparation for resistance. According to rumour, an American line-of-battle ship and a corvette had appeared in the same month in the bay of Jedo at Oezaga, and had exerted themselves to obtain permission for the Americans to trade; but it was notified to them that Japan only

traded with China and the Netherlands, and nowhere else than at Nangasaki. A Danish man-of-war also, "The Galathea," commanded by the Count Stein Bible Brahe, anchored outside the bay of Jeddo, on the 20th August, 1846, and asked leave to sail inside, but this was declined, in the name of the Japan government, by the Dutch interpreter posted at Oezaga. The Lioe-Kioe islands (which are under the command of the lord of Satsuma, and which consequently belong also to the Japan empire) appear to have been visited a short time ago by European vessels. A whaler, which had foundered near one of these islands, was got off by the assistance of the Japanese resident in the country of Satsuma; and after having been repaired, had gone to sea again. On the 30th of April, 1846, an English vessel, with a crew of twenty men, came to anchor there. A person, who said that he was a surgeon, went on shore at one of the islands, and asked leave to purchase a piece of ground, with the intention of settling there; and offering, at the same time, his services as a surgeon. Being refused, he went back to the ship; but a few days afterwards he went on shore in the night-time with his family, consisting of his wife, two children, and a Chinese interpreter, when the vessel went away. During his stay at the Lioe-Kioe islands, the French rear-admiral had a conversation with the headman of this place.

GREAT FIRE AT MANILA, CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINES; AND AT JEDO, CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

On the evening of the 17th of January, a destructive fire took place in Manila, by which fifteen houses built of stone, one hundred and forty of wood with brick frames, and three hundred and eighty-two of nipa, or attap, were reduced to ashes. The origin of the fire is ascribed to the carelessness of the servants in the house in which it broke out. The value of the property destroyed was not ascertained, but it has been roughly estimated at half a million sterling. Every exertion was made to stop the fire, and to give assistance to the unfortunate persons rendered houseless, and in many cases penniless, by it. The public functionaries displayed the greatest zeal, from the governor-general down to the lowest subaltern; and very valuable aid was given by the officers and crew of the French frigate "Cleopatra." A subscription had been opened, by order of the governor-general, for the relief of the sufferers. Last year (10th of February, 1846) a destructive fire broke out at Jedo, which lasted from two o'clock in the afternoon till four o'clock in the afternoon

of the following day, and which destroyed all on a space of three Japan miles long and a mile and a half broad.

VENTRILLOQUISM.

Our readers have no doubt felt, at different periods of their lives, a wish to acquire this wonderful power; and that desire will much increase, after witnessing Mr. Love's extraordinary performances. His engagement, we believe, at Crosby Hall, has ceased; but wherever he commences his entertainments again, he cannot fail to ensure crowded audiences. His command over his voice is most wonderful; he throws it from any portion of the room with the utmost rapidity, and he appears to sustain a conversation with several persons. The imitation of the cries of different animals is extraordinary; one, in particular—the dog. He commenced with his whining for admission, then growling, then snarling, then rushing off, and, in the distance, we appeared to hear his bark, till at last it died away; the illusion was perfect. The pursuit of the bee was perhaps superior, for the difficulty must have been great to imitate the different sounds until the insect was placed in a bottle. It would be, however, impossible to say which was best, where all was good. The most difficult part was perhaps the imitation of the voice of the man in the box, for it must have exhausted Mr. Love; indeed, we may safely say, that he kept it up too long, until it became at last rather wearisome, for he sustained a protracted conversation with a voice in a box, until he appeared completely tired: we should recommend a slight curtailment of this part, for it becomes painful to the audience when they perceive the exertions he is making. Those who have never witnessed Mr. Love's performances will be much gratified by attending one of his entertainments.

BRUNELLI'S MODEL OF ANCIENT JERUSALEM, PICCADILLY.

This model, as it appears, was not originally intended for public exhibition, but was the work of a very talented private individual residing in Dublin, who was in the habit of exhibiting it to such travellers and friends as happened to come to that city. Considering that so much patient labour ought to be fully appreciated, some persons persuaded Mr. Brunelli to have the model brought to London, that it might be placed within the reach of all those who take an interest in such things. As a work of art it is truly admirable, reproducing as it does in miniature an apparently truthful representation of what that beautiful city once was, before its destruction fell upon it. The labour expended upon

the model must have been very considerable, since the most minute points are attended to, and the streets rise, as the old historian Josephus tells us, while all presents a finished aspect to the eye. The walls, however, convey the idea of being rather too low in some parts when compared with the height of the houses. This, however, may not suggest itself to others. The Temple in which Christ taught, that from which he expelled the money-changers, the path up which he carried the Cross, the spot where he was crucified, all teem with associations sanctified from our youth upward. We seem to see all the circumstances enacting before us, every spot, every building, every corner almost is endeared to us by some Scriptural recollection, and we feel ourselves in imagination transported to the place where our Saviour suffered. It is impossible to contemplate with indifference even this faint representation of the spots rendered so sacred in our eyes; and that all more or less experience, in visiting the model, some influence from the associations connected with Jerusalem, is evident from the deep respectful attention with which the explanation and account of the city is listened to by the assembled crowd. The deepest hush prevails through the room; and scarcely the rustling of a garment, or the drawing of a breath is heard. The interest of such an exhibition must instead of abating increase in proportion as it becomes more widely known; and we strongly advise our readers not to lose the opportunity offered them of witnessing this beautiful and highly interesting model, which does great credit to Mr. Brunell's patient perseverance and talent.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

In noticing this exhibition it is of course, in the short space to which we are confined, impossible to convey any idea of what it contains, or what are the thousand curiosities which constitute its attraction. It would require a number of our magazine properly to deal with a place which so prominently deserves the warmest support from all classes of the public. Here they will find animated specimens of the most elaborate works of art, from the humble spinning machine, up to the intricate processes of printing and steam locomotion. One short visit will only bewilder the visitor's mind, he must therefore return again and again to the investigation of the curiosities here contained, unless he has rendered himself in some sort familiar with them. The greatest practical good of this exhibition is to incite young people to a wish to become acquainted with a great many departments of very necessary know-

ledge, with which it is desirable they should be familiar to a certain extent. Not the least interesting portion of the exhibition is the lecture upon electricity, which is delivered in the afternoon, with this we were extremely gratified, because the experiments succeeded entirely with one exception, and that a very slight one. The passing of the electricity through long glass tubes, containing as it were chains of metal wound round in a circular form round the inside, with the room meanwhile in total darkness, is excessively fine. The almost deafening hissing of the steam as it rushes forth from the boiler, the sharp click of the wires, the dashing of the blue stream of electricity through the glass, the darkness of the room inspire one with the notion that we have suddenly been transported into one of the private workshops of the very mischievous individuals in old myth, depicted making thunder and lightning, to torture the inhabitants of this world. The only fault in this lecture, however, is that it was scarcely long enough. What is given is most interesting, and we are sure that those persons who could visit the Polytechnic Institution, and fail to derive both amusement and instruction from the hours spent there, do not deserve to have entertainment supplied them at so moderate a rate.

COSMORAMA, REGENT STREET.

We have been exceedingly gratified by a visit lately paid to this interesting exhibition, which certainly deserves to meet with encouragement from all those who would wile away a pleasant hour in contemplating beautiful reproductions of splendid natural landscapes. The person who goes with an intention of really relishing the entertainment presented to him, must not pass hurriedly from one to another, casting a cursory glance at each, and then depart and say he has seen all. He must on the contrary stand a short time, and look on every picture until memory brings up her store of varied associations connected with each spot; of one we have read, of another we have heard this tale, of another, that. In one perchance we have ourselves been, or some friend has lately visited it. We must suffer our imagination to carry us to the regions and countries, parts of which are presented to us, and fancy that we are gazing from a window upon the scene itself. In some instances the illusion is complete. Mont Blanc, with its snowy peaks glistening in the sunbeams, which seem now to reappear, now to disappear, as the orb is concealed behind clouds (so admirable is the management of the fanciful sun), is a beautiful picture. Then again we are

transported to Siberia, those regions of eternal snow, and through the pearl-strung boughs of the trees, the patches of snow upon the fallen timber, the huts at the hedge side, in which every attempt at comfort has been made—cannot fail momentarily to engage our attention; all is lost in the contemplation of the volcano, which, pouring upward a red column of fire and clouds of smoke, seems to cast on the whole scene a faint lurid glare—the effect of which is really sublime. The Cathedral of St. Guddel at Brussels is a fine painting, but inferior in effect to the scene in Siberia, the reason of which is obvious—we come immediately from contemplating a landscape, in which life appears to be active to one cold and devoid of movement. We cannot reanimate the figures; we feel that we are gazing upon a picture. The worst in the collection is the representation of the accident which lately occurred upon the Great Northern Railway in France. The artist shows himself incapable of his subject, which, to say the best, however, is a frightful one; the effect upon the mind of the looker-on is not so fearful as it would have been, had the position of some of those escaping been less ludicrous. The bank is almost perpendicular, and yet women and men are seen, not scrambling, but walking up, as one would up the side of Primrose Hill. The Ruins of Palmyra must not be omitted, though the eye does not reconcile itself so readily to them; yet, on the whole, it is a striking picture. We have no space to enter here into detail. We strongly advise our readers to visit this exhibition which contains much that will afford them real gratification.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The two new pictures now exhibiting here, are well worthy the attention of the pleasure-seeking public. They surpass, or at least equal, any we have seen exhibited at the Diorama. Tivoli, with its numberless associations, promises a rich attraction for the lover of Italian scenery. The present view is taken from the terrace of the Temple of Vesta, commonly called the Temple of the Sibyl. From this point the place may be beheld in all its primeval beauty, where the water of the Teverone (the ancient Arno), being confined between the hills as it approaches Tivoli, is driven with increased velocity over the rocks which it there encounters, and falling from an immense height, forms the great cascade, and is afterwards precipitated down a narrow channel, into the abyss called the Grotto of Neptune. The artist has been most successful in reproducing, with startling reality, the aspect of the miniature scenery on the very edge of the

stream. The fragments of ancient walls projecting towards the waters, and covered with creeping plants in their tangled masses, the colour of the verdure, the green weeds mingling with other plants below, all seem to be reproduced as vividly as though we were gazing upon the spot itself, leaning, plunged in meditation, over the balustrades round the terraces of the Temple of Vesta. Each blade of grass seems distinguishable; the mild serenity of a summer night broods over the scene, the glow of an Italian sky rests upon all. At length the dawn clears into day, and the soft music breaking upon us ushers it in joyfully. We feel assured that such of our readers as may be tempted to seek amusement here will not be disappointed. The motion of the little cascade is admirably imitated, and the surrounding scenery soft and beautiful in the extreme.

The effect of St. Mark's upon the mind is wholly different. At Tivoli we are won upon by the gentle loveliness of the landscape, in St. Mark's we are struck at the grandeur of the picture we are contemplating. The old church must be remembered by all who have visited Venice. It is one of the most splendid of which Italy can boast, and took nearly a century to complete the building. The decorations in mosaic were chiefly accomplished by Greek artists. The artist has succeeded in displaying before us an admirable reproduction of the interior of the church, with its splendid decorations in marble and gold, the great cross, and the magnificent screen. The eye never wearies with gazing upon the picture, but wanders again and again over it in search of new beauties, and is not disappointed. By day the whole is natural and striking, but soon the scene changes to night, and we find ourselves once more in the church, but now beneath the influence of the spell thrown over us by the consciousness that a mimic service has commenced, our senses are taken prisoner. The cross presents a brilliant aspect, glowing with mellowed light; afar in the dim recesses burn the wax-tapers; near the altar are kneeling forms, while the pavement of the church is all occupied with men and women, mostly in the attitude of prayer. The evening service has begun; and up through the aisles, and down the colonnades, and through the naves, and up to the dome and cupola, swells a sad rich music, which form a faint low murmur in the distance, rises into a grand and glorious peal of sacred melody. This is the aspect under which, again and again, we could wish to view the picture, and such of our readers as delight in grand and effective specimens of art, must assuredly visit the Diorama.